Saturday Night

March 27, 1954 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

A vagrant, according to the dictionary, is an idle and disorderly person; the legal definition, until very recently, was "a loose, idle and disorderly person who, not having any visible means of maintaining himself, lives without employment". And soon, if a clause already approved by a majority in the House of Commons becomes fixed in the Criminal Code, any person down on his luck and out of a job will be at least technically guilty of being a vagrant.

The new clause reads: "Everyone commits vagrancy who, not having any apparent means of support, lives without employment". There are many men and women in this country today who are jobless and penniless; they are in that sorry state not because they prefer to exist on handouts but because they cannot find work where they are and lack the means to travel in search of it. Unless Parliament has second thoughts about what constitutes vagrancy, these people will all be on the wrong side of the law, condemned by nothing more than their own misfortune.

It may be argued that the law would not be used against people who are honest paupers. In that case, we will have

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PEGI BROWN: A gentler sort of humor. *(Page 4)*

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

still another regulation that does not say what it means—the sort of inaccurate statement of intent that only encourages contempt for law in general.

There is another reason why it is important that the Criminal Code give clear, careful expression to its definition of vagrancy. There has been a tendency among local police forces to use the charge of vagrancy as a catch-all excuse for holding suspected persons while evidence is being sought to support a different charge. Indeed, people have been taken into court as vagrants when they obviously did have visible, if shady, means of support. We recall a case in which a magistrate dismissed a charge of vagrancy against a woman who admitted being a prostitute, on the ground that she was in fact gainfully employed.

It is quite clear that not enough thought has gone into the amendment of the clause concerning vagrancy. There is still time for second, and better, thoughts.

At the Roots

FROM WASHINGTON comes the intelligence that the Scripps-Howard newspapers recently informed their readers that the Republicans are organizing a "top-level grass-roots force" to spread Republican propaganda in the United States. The newspapers did not elaborate on the botanical reference, unfortunately, and we can only speculate on the Republican choice of roots. Possibly they are thinking of a very superior kind of grass which finds all its sustenance in top-level dirt.

Vertical Travel

INVITED TO look at something new in the way of elevators, we went along to a demonstration put on by the Otis Elevator Company at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto, and there we found a model of a skyscraper, a control board elaborately decorated with buttons, and beside it Gavin Watson, one of the company's engineering officials.

"With elevators there's a new problem in every building," Mr. Watson said. "One of the most interesting things about this work is the handling of people. We handle them in uncommon circumstances. People normally move horizontally but when we put them all into a little box and start shipping them up and down, they're suddenly in a highly sensitive state. Here, I suppose, is one place where we can apply the ugly term 'human engineering' and have it mean something. This is a science not only involving the design of electro-mechanical equipment but also the measuring and controlling of people's reactions. There's a lot of psychology involved. For instance, waiting time is always exaggerated, so we try to amuse and reassure them; when they push a button, we show a light, and then they know that whatever they have done has registered."

He pushed a couple of buttons on the control board. "This is a model of our autotronic system," he said.

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"It has a sort of built-in brain which matches service to the changing flow of traffic. It thinks out what type of service should be put into operation at a certain time of day and by means of signals transmits its orders to the operating mechanism of the elevator car. All this is done without human direction. Manual starting, stopping, jockeying, opening and closing of doors are all replaced."

As he pushed more buttons and tiny elevators scurried up and down the model skyscraper, we picked up some more information about elevators. There are approximately 16,500 elevators in Canada; the loftiest lift is in the Canadian Bank of Commerce Building in Toronto (35 floors, 468 feet), where the cars travel at a speed of 800 feet a minute—a rate equalled in the Sun Life Building, Montreal. Canada's largest elevator is at the CPR pier in Vancouver; it has a capacity of 40,000 pounds and, installed before the days of trucks, was designed to carry horse-drawn vehicles. The largest installation is in the Royal York Hotel—10 high-speed passenger cars, 7 high-speed service cars, 2 cars to carry food and one used exclusively by chefs who look after the kitchens on three floors. Canada's most northerly elevator is in a building in Dawson City, and there is one in the Grenfell Mission, Labrador. The elevator at the Harris Glue Works, Toronto, is used exclusively for the transportation of dead horses. The 240,600 elevators in the United States carry 23 billion passengers a total of 550 million miles during an average year. The late King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia had a two-storey elevator with seat cushions covered with green, white and gold satin. Self-service elevators in Belgrade are equipped with coin slots—one trip, one dinar. The Bata Shoe Company in Zlien, Czechoslovakia, has an elevator which was used by the company's president as an office; it had desk, telephones, filing cabinets and so on.

"When I left Massachusetts Institute of Technology, I wanted a job with a challenge," Mr. Watson said. "I got it with the Otis Company, and I've been there ever since. My son, who is 16, is very keen about these new elevators, but he's not going to be an engineer. Can you imagine what he wants to be? A journalist!"

It was on that sorrowful note we took our leave.

Ragsdale (Gilbert A. Milne)

GAVIN WATSON: A job with a challenge.

The Ages of Women

THE AMERICAN airline that decided a little while ago to put an age limit of 32 on the hostesses in its passenger planes has been well nigh submerged in the flood of criticism that was let loose by its arbitrary judgment. The decision must have been made either by some callow youth or by an executive deep in the dangerous middle years. Certainly every man in his mature senses knows that a woman only approaches beauty at 30 years of age and wisdom at 35; until then she has just a coltish charm and should only be seen, never heard.

The Story of Ann

SOME PEOPLE are born to be the step-children of chance. Ann Pudeator, for instance, had the bad luck to live in Salem, Mass., at a time when the citizens of that God-fearing community became convinced that witchcraft was a flourishing evil and should be ruthlessly rooted out. It was pretty difficult to prove that a woman was a practising witch, of course, but the lack of direct evidence did not turn the stern citizens from their duty; suspicion, hearsay and association were enough, and in 1692 they managed to convict and execute more than a score of witches. Ann Pudeator was one of them.

Nineteen years later, the citizens had a change of heart. They decided they had taken witchcraft a little too seriously and handled the suspected practitioners of the black art a little too roughly. They could not breathe life into the mouldering bodies, but they did the next best thing: they passed a law clearing the names of those who had been convicted. But somehow they overlooked the case of Ann Pudeator, who has had to remain a witch through all the years that followed.

A few weeks ago, a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature decided it was high time that Ann got a break. A bill was drawn up to declare her conviction null and void, and all went well until the proposal came before the State Senate. Absolution for Ann, Senator George Evans declared, would be "a blow to the tourist business down in Salem". The bill was voted down, and the good citizens of Salem breathed a corporate sigh of relief; they still had their witch.

The lessons to be learnt from Ann Pudeator's story are plain; people conceived in liberty get tired of their witch-hunts after a while, and always feel sorry for the witches they've destroyed; and if you happen to be one of the victims when a hunt gets under way, you can console yourself with the thought that, a couple of centuries later, you may be a tourist attraction.

Not-so-Secret Files

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT is, quite properly, reluctant to disclose all the details of the way it goes about ridding the Civil Service of people whose loyalty to Canada is suspect. The last thing we want in this country is a degrading and demoralizing public inquisition. But excessive secrecy, too, can generate fear and suspicion; it can breed doubt about what lies behind the desire to keep things hidden from the nation's view. The Government has every right to dismiss every one of its employees for just cause—and belief in or sympathy with any totalitarian doctrine is, we believe, just cause—but the people of Canada have a right to know a great deal more than they have been told about the methods used to ferret out the "bad security risks", as they have come to be known.

The country should be told, for example, just how far the RCMP are permitted to go in their role of secret police. One of their responsibilities is the investigation of subversive elements; no loyal citizen would want to have their activities in this direction hampered or curtailed by unnecessary publicity, but we should have definite knowledge of how the information they collect is being used. How many people are permitted to browse through the files of the RCMP?

A bland general statement by a

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cabinet minister is not enough of a reply to these questions. Some weeks ago the Public Library Board of Victoria fired a man named John Marshall without giving any reason for the dismissal. The Board was under no compulsion to explain its decision, of course, but it acted following a closed meeting at which, it was reported, an officer of the RCMP had presented evidence from confidential files which purported to show that Marshall had been associated with left-wing or Communist organizations. Reeve Joseph Casey of Saanich, a non-voting member of the Board, was not present at the closed meeting, and objected to the way Marshall had been treated. Then, Mr. Casey says, another member of the Board arranged for him to meet a man who identified himself as an officer of the RCMP and who showed him the evidence from the secret files.

The Hon. Stuart Garson, Minister of Justice, has told the House of Commons that "the Federal Government forbids the giving of information to private citizens from its private files". Then, apparently, Mr. Garson became a little confused. He said that a member of the RCMP had "been in contact with Reeve Casey in connection with this matter", but later added that "in the present case the Federal Government is satisfied that no member of the RCMP gave information to anyone concerning Mr. Marshall". Mr. Garson may be easily satisfied, but until he produces a much more definitive statement of what went on in Victoria, the suspicion must remain that authorities in charge of security—of private reputation as well as public safety—are not as careful in their methods as the Government would have us believe.

Annual Review

THE SEVENTH EDITION of *Spring Thaw*, in which the New Play Society of Toronto takes its annual look at what Canadians have been doing and how they have been acting, got under way last week with every indication that it was in for another good long run. And once again one of its mainstays is Pegi Brown, a versatile young woman who has been an outstanding performer in each of the seven productions.

Miss Brown's style of comedy fits easily into the structure of *Spring Thaw*, which, on the word of its producers, is a review rather than a revue, because it endeavors to have fun with the events and the people of the year just finished. The fun is more friendly than derisive, and while the satire can be pointed it is seldom savage. Into such a setting, Miss Brown drops her studies of the foibles of her own sex with gentle but clinical precision.

When she was attending the University of Toronto, Miss Brown won a scholarship in drama at Tanglewood, Mass., and got a tentative offer from a Broadway producer. She turned down the offer, and told us she has not regretted it. "I wanted to return to finish college," she said. "Besides, I like living here and I decided that acting in Canada offers more of a chance to develop versatility. I've played almost everything and loved it." Her career bears her out. On the stage, radio and television she ranged from *The Cat and the Fiddle* and *Bittersweet* to *Candida* and *Macbeth*, and she does a daily stint in a radio serial called *Brave Voyage*.

Cars and Rights

WE'VE BEEN thinking about the doctrine recently expounded by the Canadian Automobile Association: "The modern car is a part of the Canadian way of life with Canadians convinced that owning a motor vehicle is a basic right." It's a fine, ringing statement of belief, but we're reactionary enough to wonder when, in this confused age, did basic rights get mixed up with material possessions. If we translate all our wants into rights, we're going to be in a pretty pickle trying to foot the bill for it all, because the payment will be in freedom as well as in money—and we'll be more confused than ever if we try to trade in the old model on a new set of rights each year.

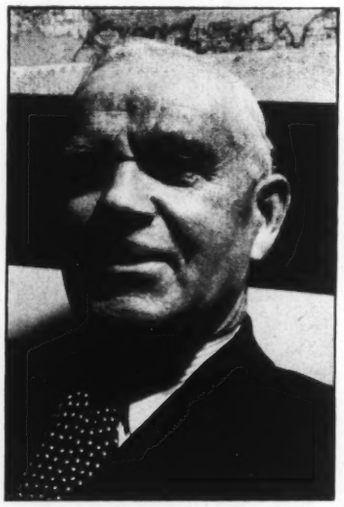
The Big Strike

THE MINING industry is beset by many troubles these days, with the price of gold still where it was pegged nearly two decades ago and demand slackening for various base metals, but the lure of "the big strike" is as strong now as at any time in Canada's young history — perhaps stronger, considering the number of people who spend at least a part of each year chipping away at rocks and the number of claims they stake. Whenever hopes of finding a bush bonanza seem ready to droop, along comes something like the Manitouwadge strike to send them soaring again.

Recently we joined the rush to Room 128 in the Mining Department of the University of Toronto, where Dr. William Harding, geologist of the Ontario Department of Mines, was holding a course for people who wanted to know something about prospecting. The classes went on for a week and each of the 280 seats in the lecture hall was occupied for the full session. Similar classes are being held elsewhere in Ontario and in other parts of the country by various provincial departments, and apparently the instructors everywhere can be sure of jammed, attentive classes.

"This year interest in prospecting is intense," Dr. Harding told us. "Students are more numerous and they're keener than ever. People from all walks of life become interested. I have instructed priests, doctors, railroaders, farmers, school principals, artists, druggists, firemen and housewives. Then, of course, we always have the professional prospectors. We take it for granted that the student knows or will find out how to look after himself in the bush, so we give instruction in elementary geology and mineralogy, and outline the laws that govern prospecting activity."

Had he been afflicted by the urge to drop everything else and go prospecting? "No—but whenever there is a rich strike it makes me think. I graduated from Queen's University in 1912, when I was 22, with degrees in mining engineering and geology. I went to work for a mining company, went overseas during World War I, and when I came back I took my Ph.D. at the University of Wisconsin. Then I worked for mining companies again until I joined the Department of Mines in 1936, and since then I've been instructing during the winter and doing field geology during the summer. Prospecting has a great deal of appeal for a lot of people, but the



DR. WILLIAM HARDING.

odds, of course, are very much against the prospector becoming wealthy. The chances are pretty slim that even the professional will discover an ore body that will develop into a producing mine. But there is always the exception—and the exception is enough to keep everybody interested."

Reliable Performers

THERE IS no doubt about it: the most reliable performers on television are the professional wrestlers. Only occasionally do they achieve the great heart-wrenching moments of tragic drama, but then, such moments are rare at any time; their scripts tend to be monotonous, but it must be remembered that their productions go on almost every night; their story line does not permit many variations—the good guy against the bad guy, or the bad guy against the worse guy—but within the limits of the plot and the time available they manage to express an amazing variety of emotions. And at times they scale the peaks of high comedy.

One must remember that they work under difficulties. Their actions can be supplemented only by such vocal expressions as grunts, groans, yells, screams and moans. The discipline thus imposed on them has made them masters of the art of pantomime, which they have combined with their undoubted skill at tumbling to produce what is possibly a new art form. Some years ago we had the privilege of watching several rehearsals for bouts that were to take place, and we can assure our readers that these students of muscular drama give just as much thought and preparation to their characterizations as any performers before the footlights. Their art is no accident, but the result of hard work, and it is a tribute to the skill of their presentations that they are still able to convince so many people that their savage triumphs and excruciating agonies are born of the tremendous exertions of the moment.

Social Note

A SIX-YEAR-OLD who lives up the street from us was arguing himself out of an engagement that his mother thought he ought to keep but that he wanted to miss because it would interfere with the game of marbles he was playing. "Call them up and tell them I can't come," he said. "You know—tell them some sneaky story." His mother felt it necessary to comment to a bystander on the paucity of her son's vocabulary. Personally, we think no apology was needed; we have rarely heard a more apt phrase to describe the social lie.

The Dirtiest Animal

THE ANGRY grey waters of the Niagara River above the Falls were flecked last week with the bodies of fish killed by the wastes poured into the turbulent stream by human beings. The same thing was happening in rivers and creeks all across the continent, from north to south and from east to west, wherever men had built their houses and their factories. For man is the great despoiler, the great polluter; the best that can be said for him is that he is, too, the greatest victim of his own filth and greed.

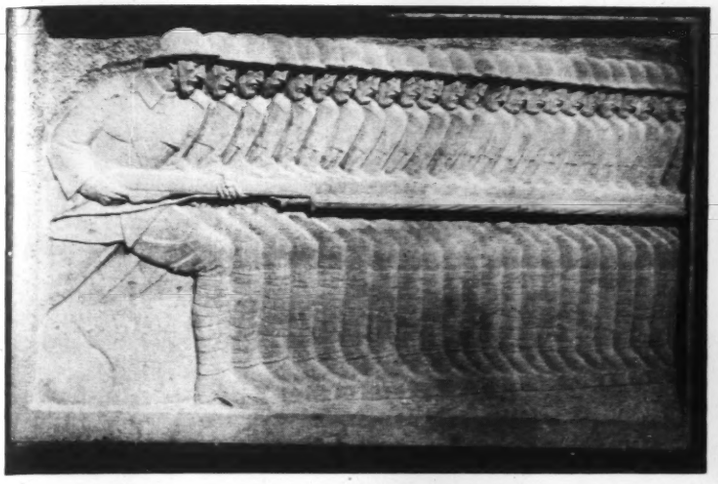
We think it is convenient to let our sewage and industrial poisons run into the rivers and lakes until they become open cesspools in which nothing clean can live, too full of disease and dirt to be used even for bathing. Then we become very indignant at the stupidity we have condoned and at the necessity of having to spend huge sums of money to try to restore what we have destroyed. Every so often we decide that something must be done to stop the pollution and we even get so far as to pass some half-hearted laws which we intend to enforce only if there isn't too much trouble involved. And having thus demonstrated our belief that cleanliness is next to Godliness, we settle back complacently in our big cities—the cities that daily thicken the dirt that lies in layers on our fine buildings and fills the air we breathe.

Personal

LITTLE HAS been heard in North America about the worker-priest experiment tried in France, although it has caused a great deal of controversy in Europe. Prof. Louis Rougier, who tells about it in an article on page 7 of this issue, is on the staff of the College of Contemporary History, Paris.

Mestrovic Is Awarded a Canadian Medal

Love of Man Shown in Works to the Glory of God

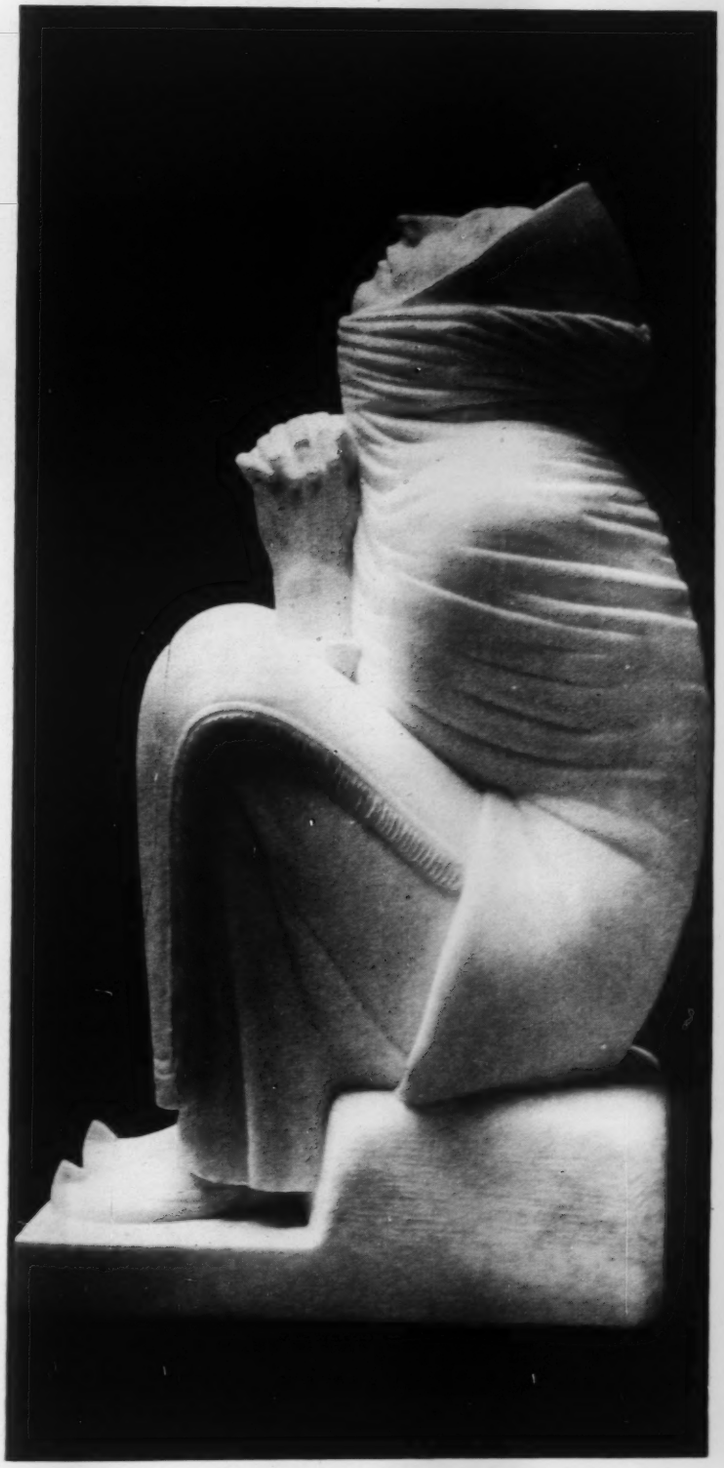


CANADIAN WAR MEMORIAL RELIEF STANDS IN OTTAWA

Windsor's Assumption College this year chose Yugoslav sculptor, Ivan Mestrovic to receive its Annual Christian Culture Award Medal. It is the first time an artist has received this important award. "Canadian Phalanx", in the grounds of Canada's National Gallery, was carved in 1918.

BRONZE "MOSES" IN ART GALLERY OF TORONTO COLLECTION

The seventy-year old sculptor was once described by Rodin as "the greatest phenomenon among sculptors". He is the only living artist to be given a one-man show at New York's Metropolitan Museum. In 1950, 25 panels of his life of Christ were exhibited in Canadian galleries.



LIFE-SIZED MARBLE PORTRAYS MOTHER OF THE ARTIST

The Assumption Award is given to "some outstanding lay exponent of Christian ideals". When Mestrovic was imprisoned in Yugoslavia in 1942, the Vatican gained his release. In 1947, he came to his present post at Syracuse University. Tito offered to build a national museum to house Mestrovic's work if he would return. The artist refused with the comment "I can never return while my dearest friends are in prisons".

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French Worker-Priest Idea Backfires

By LOUIS ROUGIER

THE FRENCH CHURCH is suffering from a crisis of self-analysis. This results from an experiment which is laudable in itself but which often deviates from its aim: the experiment of the worker-priest.

The experiment grew out of a book and the mind of a great cardinal. The book is entitled *France, Pays de Mission* and was written by the Abbé Godin. Its point of departure is the following: Workers as a whole have completely broken with Christianity. Among them the gospel of Karl Marx has replaced the gospel of Christ. The coming of the Kingdom of God is no longer expected by means of the Communion of Saints, but by means of the class struggle, which will establish the Dictatorship of the Proletariat as a step toward the realization of classless society.

The Abbé Godin teaches a new kind of apostleship. He advises the young priest to put away his cassock, his sacristy, his church, part of his theological training, his community life in order to go into the world of workers and live their proletarian life with them. If he wishes to speak to the workers, to set them a good example, to attract them by acts of charity, to convince them by faith, he must first be a worker himself.

Cardinal Suhard, Archbishop of Paris, was impressed by this idea. He organized on July 1, 1943, the *Mission de Paris*, which today includes about twenty-five members, all of the secular clergy.

Following the Parisian example, the *Mission de France* was organized. This was first established at Lisieux, then moved to the great Seminary of Limoges. In addition to the secular clergy, Jesuits, Capuchins, Dominicans and Franciscans are admitted to the *Mission*. They are sent to the country as well as to the cities. Some of them combine their parochial apostleship with work in the factory.

They apply for jobs in factories without revealing their status as priests. Wearing the same kind of clothes as their co-workers, a sweater and a pair of overalls, they work exactly as other workers do, sometimes live in the same houses, eat at the same canteens, are subjected to the same weariness, to the same hardships. Poorly conditioned for such a life, some have died on the job. Abbé Favreau, for instance, was crushed to death as he labored on the docks of Bordeaux.

These new apostles follow the example of Simone Weil, an intellectual with a doctorate in philosophy, who voluntarily became a worker in a factory and on a farm in order to understand "proletarian life" better. It is an impressive ideal. But in practice the problem becomes complicated and the results dramatic. The worker-priest has, generally speaking, only a small amount of training in economics. He is struck by the low standard of living of his fellow-workmen. The priest does not know that the low level of wages in France is due largely to the leftist parties, who have paralyzed industrial progress, lowered the value of money, introduced high prices, and promoted Malthusianism in order to introduce social reforms.

Living and working with laboring men, the priest quickly comes to think very much as they do. He shares their feeling of resentment and their frequent lack of understanding. Being more learned than the others, he is chosen by his comrades to be the secretary of the workers' committee. In this position he becomes the delegate of the entire factory to the workers' union, which may be the F.O. (*Force Ouvrière*), the C.F.T.C. (*Confédération Française des Travailleurs Chrétiens*), or, more often, the Communist-dominated C.G.T. (*Confédération Générale du Travail*). Little by little, he is entangled in political and social problems. He becomes more and more occupied with temporal business, partly to the detriment of his spiritual aims. Then, the *prêtre Stalinien* appears, such as the Abbé Barraut, who is one of the leaders of the great Communist Centre of Labor Unions. He participates in political strikes, when he does not organize them himself. Some of the priests even blame the Christian Trade Unions for being too prudent, too cautious, too "bourgeois-minded" as compared with the C.G.T.

ON THE 28th of May, 1953, the communist-led *Mouvement de la Paix* (movement towards peace), organized an important meeting to protest against General Ridgway's arrival in Paris. They were responsible for the slogans: U.S. GO HOME; RIDGWAY, BACTERIOLOGICAL MURDERER. The meeting was led by Jacques Duclos and was entirely political in its aims. Two priests acting as workmen in automobile factories, Abbé Louis Bouhier and Bernard Cagne, were arrested and, according to what they said, were molested and kept 24 hours in jail by the police. When they were freed, they objected to the treatment they had received. Twenty-seven priests from the Parisian area supported their complaint.

French Information Services

PRIESTS ran machines . . . to understand the proletariat.

The general strike of August, 1953, was started by postal workers for professional reasons which had nothing to do with working conditions, but only with public service. The Laniel Government had issued a decree in order to raise the age of retirement for certain state employees. The strike was directed against neither the "bosses" nor the "bourgeoisie," but against the state and its political bodies elected by universal suffrage.

Fundamentally, it was nothing but a political strike. The Christian Workers' Union (C.F.T.C.) declared that the strike should be brought to an end. But the worker-priests as a whole joined in publishing an aggressive and violent pamphlet against the Christian Trades Unions, the bosses, and the government, calling for "unity of the workers" as conceived by the Communist-run C.G.T. This pamphlet denounced any kind of co-operation between workers and their employers, in the name of "social justice" and "Christian morality". But in this case there was only one boss, the State!

The same thing has happened in other parts of France. Let us take the case of a pilot-factory like Dürrschmidt in Lyons as an example. A priest, the Abbé Desgrand, was employed without revealing his identity. After a while he became the secretary of the workers' committee and the factory's delegate to the C.G.T. A short time thereafter the manager introduced a system of rationalizing production, resulting in a wage increase of between 30 and 50 per cent for the workers. The Abbé Desgrand was afraid the workers would lose their fighting spirit under such a system. He instigated a 24-day strike. The net result was a loss of important customers for the corporation and about 18 million francs in wages for the workmen.

The Abbé Desgrand was subsequently fired. The local branch of the Christian Trades Unions published a pamphlet on his case and approved of Dürrschmidt's staff's decision. Immediately the priests of the Rhône and Loire regions wrote a bitter pamphlet in answer to that of the C.F.T.C. "Never since 1945," they wrote, "has the working class watched with so much attention the repeated assaults of a desperate capitalism. The C.F.T.C.'s attitude is virtually serving the interests of capitalism. A Christian or a priest surely has a right to recognize that only the whole working-class united can preserve liberties that have been acquired by so many struggles and so much bloodshed. Desgrand's case is in no sense 'deviationism' but it is merely another example of the efforts of the French bosses to divide the workers as a class."

SOME bishops finally became alarmed by these strange attitudes. His Eminence, Cardinal Saliège of Toulouse, summarizing the ten years activity of the worker-priests, criticized the effective alliance between them and the Communists. "Every day it seems more and more a fact that some people are preparing a haven for Communism in the very heart of Catholicism, but Marxism has not yet been converted." Cardinal Saliège condemns those pseudo-theologians who, citing the example of St. Paul in opposing himself to St. Peter, contend that there are two churches, one hierarchical and another subject only to the free will. This is a kind of neo-Protestantism.

On October 16, 1953, the official Catholic magazine of the Diocese of Chartres published the complete text of a letter written by His Eminence, Bishop Pizzardo, Cardinal-Prefect of

the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries, absolutely forbidding the Seminarists to work in factories. The opening of the Grand Seminary of Limoges, where 150 seminarists had enlisted in order to become worker-priests, was put off *sine die*. Finally, the Papal Nuncio, His Excellency Monsignor Morella, was ordered by the Holy See to ask the French bishops to dismiss the priests as workers and to send them to normal ministerial work.

The General Assembly of Cardinals and Bishops of France, in its last meeting in October, 1953, gave precise orders to the Catholic Action leaders among the workmen (A.C.O.). They were to avoid in their activity the kind of unity which would sound totalitarian. They were told that the Church does not have to espouse any special system of economics or politics. In short, they were told that they were working for spiritual not material aims.

The Assembly thought, however, that *Mission de France* had awakened too many hopes to be suppressed immediately. At the beginning of November, Cardinal Feltin, Archbishop of Paris; Cardinal Liénart, Bishop of Lille, and Cardinal Gerlier, Archbishop of Lyons, went to Rome to explain to the Pope the point of view of the French Episcopate.

The Holy See and the French Episcopate seem to have come to a compromise. Apostleship among the workers is to be continued, but the priest acting as workman is asked to break with any union responsibility, and thus to avoid any political action. On the other hand, he is to be linked with a religious community or a parish, and must face the full responsibility of his priesthood.

The ending of the experiment has just been confirmed by the Bishops who have jurisdiction over the worker-priests. On January 19, the Bishops met in Paris and issued a declaration transforming the mission of the worker-priests into an apostleship among workers.

The priests' true mission, the teaching of the Holy Gospel, celebration of Holy Mass, and administration of the sacraments, may no longer be neglected in favor of temporal activities. The Church requests the priests to limit their daily working hours in the factory to three, in order to be able to fulfil their sacerdotal obligations.

Furthermore, the priests shall no longer be allowed to participate in any Trade Union activities. The very expression "Worker-Priests" is to be changed to "Priests of the Workers' Mission".

Does this mean the end of the "Worker-Priests" experiment? Will the priests be able to continue their apostleship in factories where part-time workers are not hired? If so, would their fellow-workers not consider them as privileged outsiders?

At the moment, only one thing is certain: it was the active participation of the two worker-priests in the Communist manifestation against General Ridgway's arrival in Paris that focused the attention of the Holy See on the problem of the worker-priests and doomed the experiment to ultimate failure.

•

Caring

Caring is loving, motionless,
An interval of more and less
Between the stress and the distress.

After the present falls the past,
After the festival, the fast.
Always the deepest is the last.

This is the circle we must trace,
Not spiralled outward, but a space
Returning to its starting place.

Centre of all we mourn and bless,
Centre of calm beyond excess,
Who cares for caring, has caress.

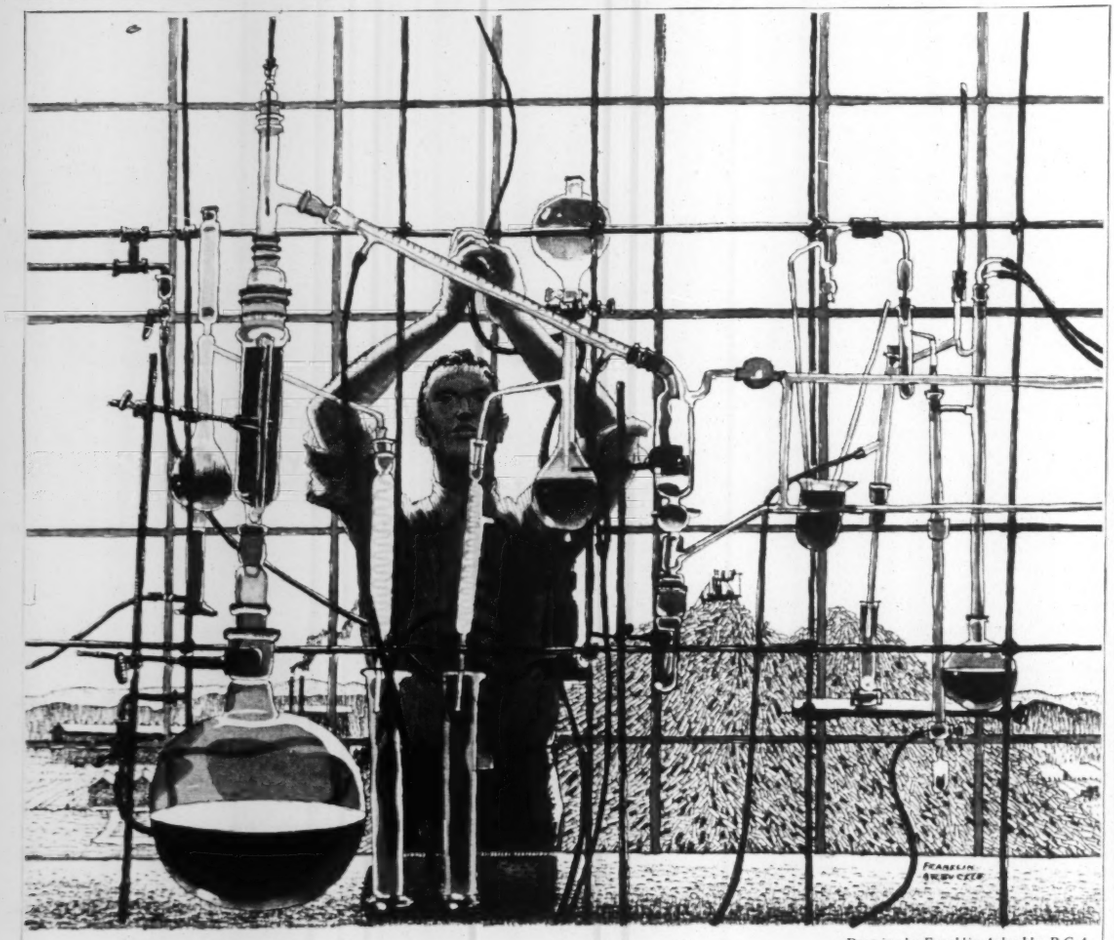
F. R. Scott

Make-Believe

One Saturday the children found a knoll
Above the grove would serve them in a role
From science fiction. Inter-galactic flight
Went on past supper time.

In the early night
The man who climbed the hill to call them stood
Gazing down into the sky beyond the wood.
And while he tolerantly stopped the children's play
He pondered whether he could feel the sway
As phosphorescent starry backwash curled
Out from the always-lunging prow of world.

R. G. Everson



Drawing by Franklin Arbuckle, R.C.A.

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Television

Warm-Ups, Stipends and Telethons

By Hugh Garner

A TELETHON is a television six-day bike race in which performers entertain the television audience for hours and hours and hours, while collecting pledges from viewers to support with cash and cheques a particular charity. They will soon become a thing of the past because they have been banned by an organization representing all the actors' unions, which demands 10 per cent of the money collected for the charities sponsored by its members. Unless this condition is agreed to, the telethons have to pay the union scale and regular fees to all participants. As a matter of fact, this was generally done for everyone except the stars, who donated their time, but their unions now demand that they also receive their astronomical fees.

The Damon Runyon Cancer Fund instituted telethons in 1949, with Milton Berle MC-ing a show which lasted 22½ hours. Nobody on this show received any fees or salaries at all. The show collected about 70 per cent of all the monies pledged. Since then the Runyon Fund has staged telethons in 1950, 1951 and 1952, for which (including 1949) $4 million was pledged, but only $1 million actually was collected. The phoney big-spenders, who try to impress their friends by phoning in a pledge and then welshing on it, are responsible for the $3 million loss. Nearly all such shows now double check every pledge over $25. In 1952 Bob Hope and Bing Crosby staged a telethon to support the U.S. Olympic team. Out of $1 million pledged, only $350,000 was collected.

The new ruling by the unions, which permits local telethons, will not affect such groups as United Cerebral Palsy, as this organization works only with local shows. Some of these local UCP programs have had phenomenal success, at times receiving 118 per cent of the money pledged by telephone. For instance, the UCP 1952 telethon in New York listed $642,824 in collections as against only $553,000 pledged. Despite such rosy exceptions, this form of charity appeal seems to be on its way out. The same audience that watched Milton Berle for 22½ hours in 1949 has a difficult time watching him for one hour every Tuesday evening in 1954.

Have you ever turned the dial on your set and been greeted with the mad howls of a studio audience which seems to be knocking itself out over the announcement that "This is the Jackie Gleason Show", or "We present the Bob Hope Show"? This guffawing introduction to what the sponsors and cast hope will be a very funny program is an inheritance from radio where it has flourished for years. The studio laughter is the result of painstaking effort on the part of the comedian or other members of the cast to "warm up" the studio audience so that at the precise moment that the program goes on the air the much bigger air audience will be put in the proper receptive mood.

Bob Hope is a past master at the art, and at one minute before air time he reads a joke from his script, tears the page off, crumples it into a ball, throws it on the floor and kicks it. This puts the audience into the spasm of laughter that greets you as you tune the program in. Jack Lescoulie, the announcer, does the honors on the Jackie Gleason Show,

Toronto Daily Star

ARTHUR GODFREY: $1,700,000 *a year.*

introducing the cast to the audience, after which Gleason, Art Carney and Audrey Meadows run out and shake hands with the visiting firemen, returning to the stage in time for the show.

Just about now, while the income-tax collector is breathing hard down our collective necks, would be as good a time as any to talk about the stipends received by television personalities, to use this term in its broadest and loosest sense. Nearly all of us at one time or another have asked, incredulously, "Does that guy get paid for cluttering up the TV screen?" And the answer is, "Silly boy, beyond the dreams of avarice!" Here is a sampling of American TV salaries.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis receive $40,000 for each telecast, Ethel Merman gets $25,000 for an hour's show, Perry Como is paid $750,000 a year, and Arthur Godfrey (the Barefoot Boy in the Brooks Bros. Suit) is worth $17 million a year to CBS and skims 10 per cent of this off for himself. Tallulah Bankhead, dahling!, gets $8,000 for a guest spot, and Frank Sinatra $7,500, while Johnny Ray cried all over Toast of the Town one time for $10,000, and Sonja Henie, on the same show, held up Ed Sullivan for eleven grand.

The announcers, both male and female, who open the oven doors on Frigidaires, press the bottles of Stopette, read you the cake-mix commercials from a teleprompter, or blow smoke-rings from a Chesterfield, are nearly all in the $40,000 a year bracket. These include Dick Stark, Kathi Norris, Betty Furness and Vinton Hayworth. The top man in the commercial announcing caper is Dennis James, who grosses $250,000 every year for the job. At the other end of the announcing scale are the pretty girls who talk about a brand of soap or a type of face cream; they may only get the minimum fee: $84.50 on a half-hour show and $101 for a whole hour production.

Chorus girls get $140.50 if there are more than eight girls in the chorus, and a little more if there are less than eight. Panel members, with no rehearsals to attend, are the highest-paid in the business outside the comedy and singing stars. For a half-hour of guessing a contestant's job on What's My Line, or his name on Name's the Same, these lower-bracket intellectuals are paid between $300 and $500 for their time and trouble. Twenty Questions, one of the low-budget shows, pays Herb Polesie about $250, while What's My Line pays its panel members $500, with the exception of Arlene Francis who gets $1,000; the contestants can win up to $50. This makes the panel members the highest paid and the contestants the lowest in TV.

Successful TV actors are usually paid between $250 and $350 a role, with some established supporting actors getting as much as $750 for an hour-long drama. Hollywood "names" such as Jackie Cooper and Maria Riva get about $1,000. (Maria Riva's mother, Marlene Dietrich, would probably break the bank if *she* appeared on TV in her peek-a-boo dress.) The minimum salary for a World Series baseball announcer is $225, and other sports announcers' minimum fees run down from this figure.

The American Federation of Television and Radio Artists sets the minimum pay scales. For TV actors with only two or three lines to speak this means $84.00 for an hour show (including 8 hours' rehearsal) and for speaking more than five lines (including 20 hours of work) the minimum is $191.00. Most well-known actors receive more than the minimum.

The exceptions to this are the members of Arthur Godfrey's gang, who, except for Frank Parker, Marion Marlowe and Janette Davis, draw the rock-bottom minimum scale. However, with six shows a week this adds up to about $900, or around $45,000 a year. When Julius La Rosa sang on the Arthur Godfrey and his Friends show on Wednesday nights, he received $191.00—the minimum. On the Ed Sullivan Toast of the Town show he had his salary immediately upped to $5,000 a show. How friendly can Godfrey get?

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Lighter Side

Fun Pants

By Mary Lowrey Ross

A YOUNG MAN with an open entry book was questioning my friend Miss A. as I came up to the door. "Anybody in this apartment over sixty?" he asked.

Miss A. stiffened. "Perhaps you'd like to come in and investigate my correspondence and library," she said.

The young man glanced up, made a quick entry and went away. I followed Miss A. into her living room.

"So now I am being investigated!" she said. "I've been expecting this to happen for some time. McCarthyism has definitely invaded this country."

"Don't be ridiculous," I said, "that was only the census taker. He was at my place this morning."

"Yes, and how do you know he won't be there tomorrow in some other disguise?" Miss A. asked. "How do you know he isn't investigating your place this minute?"

"Goodness, I hope not," I said, "I just painted the kitchen linoleum."

"This is not a joking matter," Miss A. said, looking intense, "McCarthyism must go."

"Communism must go too," I said, getting into the spirit.

Miss A. agreed. "But not through secret security panels, anonymous chairmen, private recommendations to employees, and the betrayal of democratic principle," she said and paused. "Howe-ism must go," she added.

"Then what will we have instead?" I asked.

Miss A. considered. "A public security commission, headed by a well-known Member of Parliament, with complete powers to issue subpoenas and investigate suspects," she said.

"But that's McCarthyism," I said.

Miss A. backtracked hastily. "I should have said a private commission, with hearings that exclude the press and full powers of investigation assigned to the Mounted Police," she said.

"But that's Howe-ism," I pointed out.

"Mix 'em and match 'em," suggested Rudyard the parrot, stirring on his perch.

"Keep quiet, Rudyard," Miss A. said sharply.

"Eggplant and lime," chanted Rudyard swinging vigorously, "hot orange and iced pistachio."

"Goodness, has he been taking radio cooking lessons?" I asked.

"No, just listening to radio fashion commentators," Miss A. said, and raised her voice to be heard above Rudyard's hoarse endorsation of the Empress Josephine silhouette. "As I see it, the best solution is to throw the net of investigation as widely as possible, while avoiding any sensational public disclosures."

"Follow the lissome line into springtime," Rudyard quoted, "and remember the scoop has everywhere succeeded the plunge."

"He never misses anything," Miss A. said, between pride and exasperation, "and he mixes everything up in the *weirdest* way."

"He'd be wonderful before a Security Investigation Commission," I said.

"The tiny, tiny midriff," said Rudyard, and eyed Miss A.'s midriff malignantly.

She got up then and went out to the kitchenette to make tea. "Accent the bust-line," Rudyard threw after her. She closed the door behind her and Rudyard sidled over and eyed me through the bars. "Treat yourself to a pair of little-boy pants," he said wheedlingly.

"I'll do nothing of the sort," I said.

He eyed me beadily. Then he croaked, "Oh, Lord, my sacroiliac," and climbing back on his perch, tucked his head under his wing and went to sleep.

Miss A. came back a few minutes later with tea.

"We have to remember," she said solemnly, setting down the tea-things, "that the price of liberty is everlasting vigilance."

"Except when it turns out that the price of everlasting vigilance is liberty," I said.

It was, she admitted, a complicated situation. "Sometimes one just feels hopeless."

"Come out of your winter dullness," suggested Rudyard, "with a pair of rayon cord fun pants."

"That's the sort of thing that really makes one hopeless!" Miss A. said. "What could grown-up women at a time like this be expected to see in fun pants?"

"Themselves, I imagine," I said, "and fun. By all accounts, they're supposed to be a coming garment this season."

"Fun pants are not a garment," Miss A. said, "they're a predicament." She set down her tea-cup and stared into it broodingly. "What makes it particularly hopeless," she said after a moment, "is that they can always take cover under the Fifth Amendment."

"Fun pants wearers?" I asked, startled.

"Of course not," Miss A. said impatiently, "American Communists."

"God Bless America!" croaked Rudyard piously.

"Oh, do shut *up*, Rudyard!" said Miss A.

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Ottawa Letter

Changing Acts and Clarifying Policy

By John A. Stevenson

THE REVISIONS of the Criminal Code and of the Bank Act were the chief consumers of the time of the House of Commons earlier this month, and in both cases the discussions were maintained at a very creditable level. Naturally, the lawyers in all the parties were to the fore in the dissection of the Code, but some of the non-legal members contributed useful comments and suggestions and shared in the bouquets of praise which Mr. Garson, a fine practitioner of the art of conciliation, bestows at intervals upon helpful co-operators in the work of revision.

When Clause 694, dealing with general penalties, came up for discussion, John Diefenbaker (PC, Prince Albert) received strong support for an amendment which would permit the payment of fines by instalments. He told how, in 1914, at the instigation of the late Lord Simon, who was then Home Secretary, the British Parliament had passed legislation providing that when a person sentenced to a fine could prove his inability to pay it on the spot, he could pay it by instalments and escape the alternative of imprisonment. As proof of the success of the reform he cited figures showing that whereas in 1913 the number of persons imprisoned in Britain for default in payment of fines had been 79,583, by 1923 it had fallen to 15,261 and by 1938 had shrunk to 7,936. He also surprised the House by his assertion that today Canada, with about a third of the population of Britain, had three times as many people in her prisons; he cited the recommendation of the Archambault Commission, which investigated our penal system nearly 20 years ago, that the British plan for paying fines should be adopted in Canada.

Paul Horsdal

JOHN DIEFENBAKER: Unrealistic?

These cogent arguments were backed up strongly by Stanley Knowles (CCF, Winnipeg), Frederick D. Shaw (SC, Red Deer, Alta.) and other members, and Mr. Garson professed considerable sympathy with the proposals. But he expressed the view that Canada's lack of a complete probation system, which in Britain provided facilities for the collection of instalments of fines, and the fact that in Canada the Federal laws were enforced by ten provincial administrations over a huge territorial area under conditions very dissimilar to those prevailing in Britain, were almost insuperable obstacles to the adoption of the British practice. The champions of it were not impressed by his case and the clause had to stand over.

Mr. Abbott, the Minister of Finance, gave the House a well reasoned exposition of the changes in banking practices, which the Government wants to embody in the decennial revision of the Bank Act, and the views of the three parties in opposition on the subject were presented in excellent speeches by James M. Macdonnell (PC, Toronto Greenwood), Mr. Coldwell and Victor Quelch (SC, Acadia, Alta.)

Mr. Macdonnell's long experience as manager of a large trust company enables him to speak with authority upon banking problems and his criticisms were couched in moderate terms. It was inevitable that Mr. Coldwell should be a much sterner critic of the banks and their ways and should move an amendment urging the nationalization of our chartered banks, but it was equally inevitable that it would be overwhelmingly defeated by a combination of the other three parties. Mr. Quelch, who is counted the most sensible and best-informed member of the Social Credit group, could see no case for the nationalization of the banks but, after producing statistics about their remarkable prosperity, he argued that they should be required to service, without extra compensation, additional deposits arising from special government expenditures planned to sustain the national economy at a high level.

For three successive days Mr. Drew, obviously perturbed and displeased by the pronouncements of Prime Minister St. Laurent during his tour of Asia about Canada's relations with the Communist Government of China, plied Mr. Pearson with questions about them. He wanted to know whether the press reports were correct and whether the statements represented the settled policy of the Government. Apparently the statements had taken Mr. Pearson and

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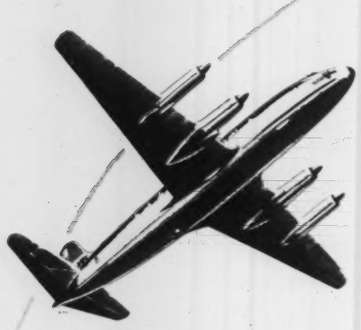

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his officials by surprise and no formal record of them exists, but the Prime Minister in response to a cable had, relying upon his memory and some notes, communicated the gist of them to Mr. Pearson and thereby confirmed the accuracy of the press reports.

The core of his pronouncements was that, while the immediate recognition of the Communist Government of China was not under consideration, it was necessary to be realistic in the matter, and that doubtless in due course Canada would have to accord recognition to any government of China which the people there recognized, whether we liked it or not. The statement by Mr. St. Laurent that "we would be bound to recognize the government that the people want" incensed Mr. Drew so much that he described it as "a travesty of the facts".

Mr. Drew contented himself with this challenge, but the idea of recognizing Mao Tse-tung's Government was vigorously denounced in a speech in Toronto by Mr. Diefenbaker, who is now his party's expert on foreign policy, and there were loud murmurings of protest from indignant Roman Catholics.

But the Prime Minister will be comforted by the editorial support given to his policy by his habitual critic, the Conservative Ottawa *Journal*, which parted company on this issue with Mr. Drew and Mr. Diefenbaker.

The real trouble with the Canadian opponents of the eventual recognition of the Communist Government of China is that their knowledge of history is imperfect. Whenever a revolution has installed a new government in power, it has almost invariably been regarded by the conservative elements in other countries as a gang of dangerous adventurers with whom any self-respecting nation should have no truck.

Every revolution drives into exile a substantial band of *émigrés* who detest it and try to secure backing from other countries for its reversal. Chiang Kai-shek and his Nationalist cohorts, who are now established in Formosa, have secured powerful backing in the United States for such a crusade, but if Mr. Diefenbaker and other Canadian opponents of the recognition of Mao Tse-tung are counting upon its success, their optimism is not shared by competent observers who have firsthand knowledge of the situation in the Far East.

Moreover, it is known that Arthur Dean, a partner in the law firm of Mr. Dulles, the U.S. Secretary of State, and the latter's special representative in the negotiations for peace in Korea, advised the Eisenhower administration that it ought to be realistic and revise its policy in regard to Communist China. It is also understood that Vice-President Nixon returned from his Asiatic tour converted to the same view.

The leaders of the Progressive Conservative party would be well advised not to commit it to implacable hostility to Communist China, as they might thereby convince the public that they have no sense of realities and are, therefore, unfit to be trusted with the government of this country.

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Foreign Affairs

The Hour of Decision in Indo-China

By Willson Woodside

IT IS THE TIME has come for the West to decide whether Indo-China must be held, and what it is worth to all of us to avert the disaster to South-East Asia which is freely predicted, should the Communists finally win in Indo-China. The Americans, it is true, are already carrying much of the financial burden, but the French neither can nor will continue to bear the military burden by themselves. The race that has been going on for the past year between the build-up of Vietnam forces—similar to the build-up of the South Korean Army—and political and economic deterioration in France is on the verge of being won by the latter.

Premier Laniel told parliament a fortnight ago that the long controversy between those in France who believed that military victory could finally be won in Indo-China and those who wanted to end the eight years war by negotiation had finally been ended. "There is no argument any longer . . . Today, we are unanimous in hoping to settle the war by negotiation." So far have things gone that Laniel's view proved to be the "hard" one in the Assembly debate. He insisted on trying to negotiate a settlement for Indo-China with Soviet Russia and Communist China at the Geneva Conference, and he laid down conditions which many deputies considered too stiff. The Communists would have to evacuate all of their forces from the states of Laos and Cambodia, and in Vietnam they would have to quit the south entirely, concentrate their scattered forces in the central part of the country, and set up a demilitarized zone around the Red River delta in the north, where the main French and Vietnam forces are massed.

Miller

MALCOLM MACDONALD

It is considered so unlikely by many in France that the Communists would agree to such terms that the real opposition which Laniel had to beat down in the Assembly was that led by the "New Dealer" Pierre Mendès-France, who urged the government to negotiate directly with the rebel leader Ho Chi Minh, before the Geneva Conference meets. A majority of the Assembly still seemed to believe that this could only lead to a complete loss of Indo-China to the Communists in short order.

A paradox of the situation is that the presence of Vietnam nationalist officials in Paris at the present moment, negotiating for full independence for their country, and a further weakening of its link to the French Union, undoubtedly contributes to the French belief that it isn't worthwhile to fight any longer in Indo-China; while it is just this rapid realization of independence which holds out any hope of rallying the Indo-Chinese people to defeat the Communists.

It is the nationalist element of the Vietnam which is most strongly opposing any negotiation with Ho Chi Minh. Raymond Aron, of *Figaro*, recently explained their position thus: "We often reproach some of our Vietnamese friends for not seeming to be sufficiently devoted to the French cause, but they have a very cogent answer. They point out that France has not yet made a clear decision on Indo-China; and if her final decision should be in favor of a negotiated peace with Ho Chi Minh, it is the pro-French Vietnamese who would suffer the cruelest fate. Hence, in order to avoid the charge of being collaborationists, the nationalist leaders continue to proclaim their independence of the French and their right to secede from the French Union."

Aron believes, however, that if the French handle matters on the local level, with sufficient understanding, the nationalists would not insist on availing themselves of the right of secession.

Actually recent reports from Indo-China have been more encouraging than those from Paris, so much so that it is evident that the real centre of the crisis is in the French parliament and French public opinion rather than on the battlefield. On the latter the energetic leadership of General Navarre and the injection of large quantities of U.S. arms have had their influence. Here there is a plan: the build-up of 104 battalions of native Vietnamese troops with the goal of defeating the Viet Minh insurgents by 1955. As shrewd an observer of South

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East Asian affairs as Malcolm MacDonald, High Commissioner for British territories in this area with headquarters in Singapore, declared March 11 after a month's study of the situation, that General Navarre's plan for winning the Indo-China War is being successfully accomplished, and "later this year the victories should begin".

René Pleven, French Defence Minister and certainly no defeatist, has been there too, for an extended inspection; and Harold Stassen has joined in a conference with him and MacDonald and others, on the overall situation. The able *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent, Ronald Stead, reports that they found the military situation less critical than they supposed before arrival. Yet this writer warns that the lesson of the Chinese civil war was that the kind of aid that the Americans are still giving in Indo-China was not enough. In China the U.S. provided the Nationalists with planes, trained their pilots, and some troops, and provided weapons. Yet the Communists, with no airpower at all, ran them out.

In Indo-China the Americans have been, up until recently, merely footing a third of the financial cost, and have had a mission on the spot to supervise distribution of U.S. arms. Lately some 200 air force technicians have gone in to service the larger number of U.S. planes now being supplied, for paratroop, transport and bombing missions. There the thing stands, for the present. Even the sending of a few non-combat personnel has provoked a sharp debate in Washington as to whether the U.S. was being "sucked in" to the Indo-China War, and brought an assurance from President Eisenhower that there will be no involvement of America in war except through a declaration by Congress.

Eisenhower's whole strategic doctrine is opposed to the commitment of American troops to the Asian continent. His aim is to *withdraw* American troops, as he has begun to do in Korea, to form a strategic reserve which can back up American policy anywhere in the world.

Besides, he may well feel that the relaxation of international tension which has set in since Stalin's death and the ending of the Korean War may be upset by the sending of American and, presumably, other Western troops to Indo-China. And all this apart from the widely expected outcome: the intervention of five Chinese Communist divisions for every one of ours.

This attitude seems to stand in direct opposition to that which has now taken firm possession of the French: that, if it is all right for the Americans to negotiate in Korea, it is just as right for them to negotiate in Indo-China, and if the defence of Indo-China is so important to the free world, then the others had better pitch in and help.

Admittedly, it is a baffling, unpleasant and expensive problem. But if we cannot decide soon on any alternative free world policy for holding Indo-China, the French are going to slide into negotiations which will soon enough leave Ho Chi Minh in control and rock the whole of South-East Asia.

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Books

A Scoffer and a Jester

By Robertson Davies

IT WAS BISHOP MONK of Gloucester who said that Sydney Smith was given his appointment as a resident canon of St. Paul's Cathedral for being "a scoffer and a jester"; the Bishop was not concerned with the fact that this valuable piece of preferment did not come to Smith until he was sixty, and that it was not very much for a man who had at least ten times as much character, intelligence and wit as Monk or any other Bishop of the day. Smith was often in hot water with Bishops, and when we consider the letters he wrote to them, and the articles which he published in disagreement with their opinions, we cannot be surprised. He was a man to whom principle was very dear, and he had the courage of a lion in controversy. But he was also a scoffer and a jester, and it is this fact which has given his reputation the color which it still wears; his wit was in equal proportions his making and his undoing.

The publication, in two stout volumes, of *The Letters of Sydney Smith*, gives us an opportunity to re-examine this extraordinary clergyman's career. The letters themselves are like all collections of letters from great men—they are full of trivialities, and they grow wearisome when we read them straight through, but taken as a whole they give depth to our notion of Smith, and illuminate some corners of his mind and his career with a warm and pleasant light. For he was certainly one of the most thoroughly good and delightful men of his time, and it must have been an unfailing pleasure to be on his list of correspondents. When reading his letters we must bear in mind that they were not meant to be taken at a gulp, but were distributed among many people over the course of fifty years. These two volumes are for dipping and bedtime reading, and treated thus they offer riches which will last for many years.

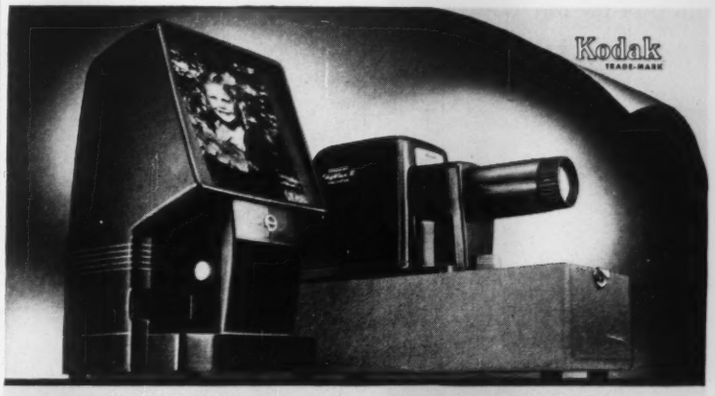
SYDNEY SMITH from a drawing by Arthur Crookenden

This new collection must be regarded as definitive, for it contains 1,038 letters, of which more than half appear in print for the first time; those which are already familiar have been corrected from the earlier and less careful publication by Smith's daughter and her friend Mrs. Austin. The present editor is Nowell C. Smith, who has provided footnotes, an index, and other necessary scholarly apparatus; he has also included a few letters written to Smith himself, which throw light on the main course of the work.

Is there anyone who does not know something of the life and career of Sydney Smith? If there is, he can get Hesketh Pearson's excellent *The Smith of Smiths* very cheaply in the Penguin books, and settle down for an enlarging experience. Simply to read about Smith is to breathe a finer air, to pass into a world where scholarship, common sense and liberal humanism are mingled with so much wit that we find ourselves guffawing two or three times on every page, and smiling till our facial muscles ache. Ah, but there it is again—that fatal wit which both made and unmade its possessor.

If Sydney Smith had not been so witty we should think him now, perhaps, a greater man. A great many people are suspicious of wit, and cannot believe that what makes them laugh is worth further serious thought. In the popular imagination a wise man is solemn and a merry man a trifler. Sydney Smith and the late Dean Inge held very similar views on religion and related matters, but which is remembered as the wise man? The Gloomy Dean, and not the Comic Canon.

He was born in 1771, and was ordained a priest of the Church of England in 1794. He would have preferred to be a lawyer, but his father would spare no money for the necessary training, so he was pushed into holy orders. He found himself an advanced and voluble Whig in a profession which was almost wholly Tory, and where the path to advancement was the Tory path. He was one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review* and he was a noted exponent of "moral philosophy", as the psychology of that day was called. Early in his career he came out strongly in favor of Catholic Emancipation, and though he wrote the *Peter Plymley Letters* on that subject anonymously, it was noised about that he was their author. His preaching was of a character which packed churches, but no church wanted to keep him. He was



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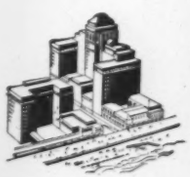

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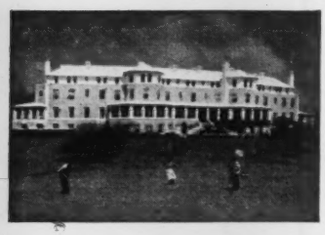

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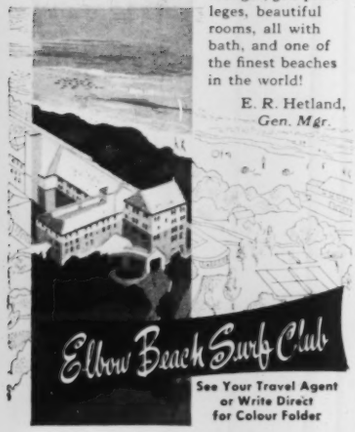

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too disturbing. He gained influential Whig friends, and was one of the ornaments of Holland House, but it was long before the Whigs could do anything for him, and even when that time came they did not offer him a bishopric. And so, until he was sixty, Smith spent much of his time in obscure country parsonages, where he discharged his duties very well.

It is perhaps indiscreet to enquire why wit, zeal for reform, and common sense should stand in the way of a man's career as a churchman, when these same qualities would have carried him into the first rank in so many other professions. Let us, instead, examine this dangerous wit, and find out what it was like.

Much of it has passed into the language. "It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding; their only idea of wit . . . is laughing immoderately at stated intervals." Smith first said that, and it was he who called Scotland "that knuckle-end of England—that land of Calvin, oat-cakes and sulphur". It was he who divided humanity into three sexes—men, women and clergymen—and it was he who said of a stupid man that "he deserved to be preached to death by wild curates". He said that minorities were almost always in the right, long before Ibsen, and it was he who said of the chatterbox Macaulay, "He has occasional flashes of silence, which make his conversation perfectly delightful". It was probably indiscreet for a clergyman to say that "We have no amusements in England but vice and religion", and that "My idea of heaven is eating *pâté de foie gras* to the sound of trumpets". He it was who wrote to his daughter that he was so hot that he yearned to take off his flesh and sit cooly in his bones, and for a country clergyman there is wistfulness in his remark that "I have no relish for the country—it is a kind of healthy grave". These are a few sparks from his anvil. He could talk in that strain for a full evening, and often did so.

He was so witty indeed that the ultimate fate of the wit overtook him —people began to laugh before he spoke, and nothing that he said was taken as seriously as it deserved. When Smith spoke everybody listened for the joke, but only the wisest listened for the sense. His was not a cutting wit, and he hated to give pain. He did not shoot arrows to kill, but only to tickle with their feathers. He could, and did, write brilliantly cogent pamphlets on political and social topics, and they are among the best things in our language, in their kind. I have read several of his sermons, and even they are terse, witty and comprehensive. He despised the Methodists, and he abominated the Anglo-Catholics. Mysticism was abhorrent to him. His religion was simple goodness, informed and refined by education and good manners. It was essentially eighteenth century religion, purged of eighteenth century pomposity and sloth.

Like all men whose creed is common sense he could be wrong-headed and he could be shallow. But this did not happen very often. And, as even the highest spirits must sometimes sink, we find letters in the new collection which show him as a man who has been hurt, who feels that life is passing him by unnoticed, and who wonders quite honestly why people of less merit than himself get on in the world better than he. But these moments of sadness only show him as human, and throw his great courage and his great high spirits into sharper relief. We know him now as a great Whig force, and a great reformer within the Church in his day. We see him not as a dangerous radical, but as a man to whom empty radicalism was abhorrent, and necessary reform a mere matter of common sense. The wit which was his glory and his bane flashes again and again in these letters—a wit, unforced, original and without malice. Sydney Smith was a great prose writer in the tradition which stems from Swift, and which we know in the works of Shaw — clean, persuasive and eloquent without being in any way fancy. His letters are a treasure and a delight, not only for themselves but for the constant reminder which they bring us of the great man, the man of great spirit, whose usually unconsidered trifles they were.

THE LETTERS OF SYDNEY SMITH, edited by Nowell C. Smith, in two volumes—pp. 876 —illustrations—*Oxford*—$12.50.

In Brief

TOUCH AND GO—by Jacobine Hichens—pp. 262—*McClelland & Stewart*—$2.50.

Mrs. Hichens is a lawyer, and she tells her stories with a lawyer-like neatness and clarity. But, like most lawyers, she needs a good case to bring out her best qualities, and *Touch and Go* is so far inferior to *Naughts and Crosses* that one wonders if it is not an earlier book, published because of the success of the other. This is not to say that *Touch and Go* is not good reading; it is a well-told, adult story and contains at least one character—a man who likes to make women fall in love with him, but is too emotionally inert to respond to them — who is observed with far more than ordinary skill. But we hope that in her next book Mrs. Hichens will be up to her finest form, which is very good indeed.

THE PAST MASTERS—by Edith Simon—pp. 270—*British Books*—$3.00.

A tale of communal life among a group of archaeologists, at work on diggings in Scotland. Their work, love affairs, jealousies and finances are described with the insight which we expect from the writer of *The Golden Hand*, and while this is not comparable with that fine book, it has its own lesser excellence.

JUTLAND COTTAGE—by Angela Thirkell—pp. 286—*British Books*—$3.00.

Mrs. Thirkell has declined sharply from the days when infatuated critics compared her with Trollope and Jane Austen. The controlled meanderings of her style have now become mere garrulousness and her once-charming acerbity is merely cranky. *Jutland Cottage* begins with maudlin grief for the death of George VI, and continues with a plot on the part of some of Mrs. Thirkell's favorite Barsetshire

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characters to dress up and marry off the plain and charmless daughter of an Admiral. This is sadly addled stuff from the author of *Wild Strawberries*, in which everything was under perfect control.

THE GLASS OF FASHION—written and illustrated by Cecil Beaton—pp. 386—*Doubleday*—$8.25.

Cecil Beaton considers the dress and decor of the past fifty years, bringing to the task his own considerable taste and a strong disinclination to go below the surface of anything. The book is irritating when we consider what a little more work could have made it; but it is a book which should not be neglected, for it has many flashes of insight.

CANADIAN COOK BOOK—revised by Wattie & Donaldson—pp. 503 and photographs—*Ryerson*—$3.95.

The invaluable basic cookery book compiled in 1923 by Nellie Lyle Pattinson, brought up to date, and provided, among other improvements, with a good section on Canadian regional dishes. Though not an exciting book, it contains some surprises—for instance, a recipe for those wonderful French glazed strawberry tarts, which I have sought in vain in more pretentious volumes—and it is a necessary volume for any Canadian cook, because of its completeness and national character. You will read other cookery books in bed, but you will turn to this one for the facts of culinary life.

THE UNSTRUNG HARP, or Mr. Earbrass Writes a Novel—by Edmund Gorey—pictures with comment—*McClelland & Stewart*—$2.00.

A delightful little book of pictures, showing Mr. Earbrass in the process of writing his novel, but if it means anything, this reviewer is a Dutchman. Still, it has an eerie charm which is pleasant in itself.

PLAY PRODUCTION—by Conrad Carter

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STAGE MAKE-UP — by Horace Sequeira — *Longmans, Green*—$1.00 each.

Beginners in the amateur theatre will go a long way before they find better handbooks than these, at the price. All four are sensible, up-to-date and concise.

TENNYSON, POETICAL WORKS AND PLAYS—pp. 854—*Oxford*—$2.50.

In the familiar dress of the Oxford Standard Authors, this Tennyson is now complete, containing all the poems and the plays. The editorship is anonymous, but the publisher's name is sufficient guarantee of worth.

FIFTH ANNUAL OF ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL ART — issued by the Art Directors' Club of Toronto—pp. 126—*Burns & MacEachern*—$6.00.

Everybody who is at all interested in the arts of display should have a look at this excellent annual, which shows what is being done in Canada. We take a great deal of this good work for granted, and our eleven governments are still unaware of the existence of people who could greatly improve all our official and not-so-official printing and advertising.

THE PAST RETURNED—by J. Delves-Broughton —pp. 315—*British Books*—$3.00.

This capable and workmanlike author is not up to her best form in this romantic novel. She has taken the excellent theme of All for Love or the World Well Lost, but she has treated it melodramatically rather than with real seriousness, and although her story is ably told, it never has the ring of truth. Olivia Dashwood, and her lovers Allary and Beauregard have been placed in a Victorian setting, which suggests that the author did not think them real enough to bear the light of contemporary life.

PATIENCE—by John Coates—pp. 205—*Longmans, Green*—$2.25.

This book is published with the following blurb by Theodora Benson: "Here for once, and free from all offence, is a novel that makes sunny open weather about sex". To this reader it made drearily cloudy weather about the dishonorable, cruel and crooked-minded behavior of a silly woman who put her own pleasure above every other consideration. Catholic readers may resent the fact that the heroine's bad behavior is justified by some curious interpretations of Catholic teaching. A nasty little book.

ODDLY BODLIKINS—by Paul Jennings—pp. 166—*British Books*—$2.25.

In spite of the continued moans from some critics that there are no new humorists, some pleasantly funny fellows write books which reach this

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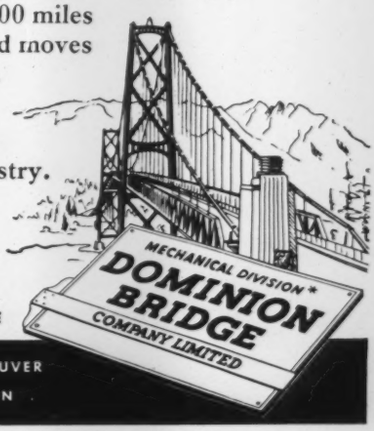

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reviewer, and Paul Jennings is one of them. This is a book of literate, cheerful little essays which manage to be very laughable without resorting to nonsense, wryness, vulgarity or tricks. His piece on the film *Quo Vadis* alone is justification for the book.

GENTIAN VIOLET—by Edward Hyams—pp. 250—*Longmans, Green*—$2.25.

It is not easy for an author to use the False Beard theme without coming off second best to Aldous Huxley, but Edward Hyams does it. His hero is a man of two personalities — one a bearded, upper-class Tory, and the other a clean-shaven, proletarian Laborite. By a freak he is elected to Parliament in both capacities and for both parties. He resolves his problem by a brilliantly funny device. This is admirable satire. The author creates a credible world, but one which is governed by its own laws while retaining a close and acidulated relationship with the world of reality. Recommended to those who like their Martinis strong and very dry.

B. E. N.

AFRICAN ARGOSY—by Roger Courtney—pp. 188—*Longmans, Green*—$2.50.

Three thousand miles alone from the source of the Nile to the sea by an old English hand at African travel and writing about it. (The writing hand keeps the travelling hand going, it seems.) Of its kind a good travel book; folksy, far-flung, and oh! fabulous. Wander-eyed for the wonder-eyed.

T. J. A.

UNSEEN LIFE OF NEW YORK—by William Beebe—pp. 165—illustrated with delightful drawings—*McClelland & Stewart*—$4.50.

A march-past of all the creatures of land, sea and air that have had their being in Manhattan, or near it, for the last 200 million years, with commentary by a well-known naturalist. When Dr. Beebe pictures the giant bison swinging along what is now Broadway you see the famous street from a new angle; no one who reads this book will ever again be able to walk down it—or any other street in America—with the same seriousness of intent.

This is a fine presentation of natural history for the popular taste.

CHICAGO'S LEFT BANK—by Alson J. Smith—pp. 258 and index—*Saunders*—$5.25.

FABULOUS CHICAGO—by Emmett Dedmon—pp. 348 and index—129 illustrations—*Random House*—$6.00.

Alson Smith's thesis is this: that Chicago and the Midwest have been the seedbed of American culture in this century as Boston and New England were in the last. He is a Connecticut Yankee who loves brassy, brawling, sprawling Chicago and has brought together in a book a party of people who drew their inspiration from her. Everybody who is, or ever was, anybody artistically is here from Harriet Monroe, *Poetry* in hand, to "Jelly Roll" Morton of the world of jazz and the vocal, unequivocal boys of Chicago's press. There is a chapter on Town and Gown too, but the professors pale beside Dreiser, Sandburg and Pound. This is an exciting, sometimes witty and penetrating book about a rowdy town where, according to its own H. L. Mencken, "they take the fine arts as seriously and get into such frets about them as are raised nowhere else save by baseball . . . and romantic loves".

Fabulous Chicago is a sprightly fast-paced history with the emphasis on the social side. As might be expected from a newspaperman, the author, an editor of the *Sun-Times*, has crammed his book with names from all classes of society and with every conceivable motive to action. Anecdotes are abundant; dress, manners, morals, entertainment, business and public and domestic decoration for a century after 1835 are presented in detail. The result is a remarkably clear and rounded portrait and a highly readable book. Its physical aspect calls for comment; there are photographs on the cloth binding, scores more inside all carefully related to the text, and the paper and printing are first-rate.

R. M. T.

•

Chess Problem

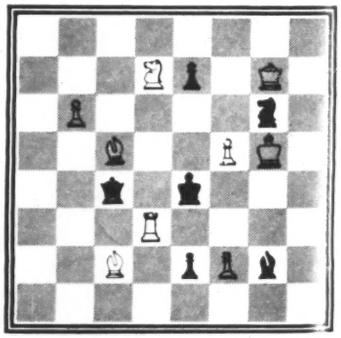
By "Centaur"

AT A KNIGHT'S leap distant from the black King, the White Queen can deliver ten mates in a two-mover, two short of the maximum in the Queen's Cross theme. But generally we get a more attractive problem where the Queen, in any given relationship, is not called upon to equal her records, as in No. 58 below with its long range mates. A flight-square may also add greatly to the grace of a problem, as in the following lightweight by Otto Wurzburg:

White: K on Q8; Q on Q6; Kts on QR5 and KKt5; Ps on Q2 and K2. Black: K on Q5; R on KR5; B on KR1; Ps on QB4 and Q4. Mate in two.

Key-move 1.Q-B8, waiting. Here the Queen gives five mates, three on the long diagonal. But without the three self-blocks, by Rook, Bishop and Pawn, the problem would be a dull affair.

Problem No. 58, by H. Prochazka
Black—Six Pieces.



White—Nine Pieces.
White mates in two.

Solution Of Problem No. 57.

Key-move 1.R-B4, with threats 2.QxKR and 2.QxB mate. If B-Q6, B-KB6 or B-K5; 2.QxB mate. If R-Q7, R-Kt4 or R-B4ch; 2.QxKR mate. If R-Q5 or B-Kt6; 2.QxQR mate. If QKt-B3; 2.Q-Q7 mate. If KKt-B3; 2.Q-Kt8 mate.

Sports

Lamentations

By Jim Coleman

SINCE THE National Calamity of Sunday, March 7, the "I-Told-You-So Boys" have been putting the jolly old blast on the officials of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association. The National Calamity, of course, was Russia's victory over Canada in the world hockey championships. Although your correspondent is a charter member of the "I-Told-You-So Boys", I find that this is one of those occasions on which there is no pleasure in being prescient.

For years, newspaper columnists and radio commentators have protested against the calibre of teams which the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association has permitted to represent this country in European competitions. However, up until the afternoon of March 7, 1954, these touring teams always managed to out-stumble the opposition and the CAHA officials shrugged off the criticisms.

One repeated warning which the CAHA officials failed to heed was this question, posed by sports writers and radio commentators: "If you can't send a *good* hockey team to Europe—why not keep 'em *all* at home?"

The CAHA now defends itself on the grounds that only three Canadian teams applied for this year's trip to Europe and the Lyndhursts were the best of a very bad lot.

Oh, well—Mother always said that there would be years like this.

Fortunately for the rest of Canada, it was a Toronto team which was beaten by the Russians. The grief of other Canadians was lessened by the fact that a team from Hog-Town blew the duke. Trust Toronto to make a mess of things.

The ironic part of it is that the Canadians were beaten at a game which the Canadians invented and which Canadians have forgotten how to play. Looking at the motion pictures of the Russians in action, your correspondent was reminded of one of those Canadian amateur teams back in The Thirties. The Russians weren't spectacular, mind you, but they played flawless positional hockey; they gave short, accurate passes and their wingers never permitted themselves to be caught on break-aways.

Watching those Ivan-Come-Latelies from the vodka belt, your correspondent had the feeling that they had been coached by some almost-forgotten traditionalist such as Steamer Maxwell of Winnipeg or Gerry Laflamme of St. Michael's College.

The Russians played old-fashioned, text-book hockey and the Lyndhursts, who were accustomed to the modern mayhem-on-ice tactics, weren't prepared to cope with such snide strategy.

The Russian victory was, for Canadians, a rather untimely vindication of our own greybeard critics who complain that "the game ain't what it used to be".

Many of the lamentations of the past few weeks have been occasioned by the fact that it was the Russians who won the world tournament. It has been inferred that defeat wouldn't have been such a bitter pill to swallow if the championship had been won by the Germans or the Swiss or even by the Lower Slobovians.

Already, the scurrilous attacks on the Canadian team, made by the Swedish press, have been forgotten but the defeat by the Russians still rankles. Conceivably, if the Russians had succumbed gracefully to the Lyndhursts in that final game, the tournament would be forgotten by now, too. The Russians would be remembered only as surly but honest fellows who weren't quite good enough to win.

It reminds me of the night that Jim Speers briefly took a seat in a stud-poker game in a hotel at The Pas. On the first hand, he broke the one big winner and cleaned out the game.

The next day, Speers was sitting in the hotel lobby and he overheard his victim explaining the disaster to a friend.

"I was doing fine," the victim said, "until this gentleman sat down beside me and, on the very first hand, the s.o.b. out-drew me."

I spent a miserable few days after March 7, I can tell you, but my doctor says that my blood-pressure is back to normal now and I don't think that the Russians will demand repara-

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ALUMINIUM LIMITED

ANNUAL MEETING

Record Date

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of Aluminium Limited will, in accordance with the By-Laws of the Company, be held on Thursday, April 29th, 1954, at 11:00 o'clock in the morning, at the Head Office of the Company, 21st Floor, Sun Life Building, 1155 Metcalfe Street, Montreal, Quebec, Canada. Pursuant to a resolution of the Board of Directors, only shareholders of record at the close of business on March 30th, 1954, will be entitled to receive notice of and to vote at the meeting and at any adjournment thereof.

Montreal, March 17th, 1954 — JAMES A. DULLEA, Secretary

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tions from the defeated country. Although Canadians claim to have invented hockey, there may be some reasonable doubts there, too.

In recent weeks, there have been hints that hockey really was invented by a moujik named Ivan Ivanovitch who had been pressed into service as a groom in the Russian imperial household back in the 18th century.

Ivan was acting as nursemaid to some horses at the Winter Palace in Petrograd and, one dull afternoon, he amused himself by batting a small frozen object with a crooked stick. The other grooms picked up crooked sticks and soon they were batting around the frozen object like Billy-o. They chose sides (The Reds against The Whites, of course) and that, tovarich, is how hockey was born.

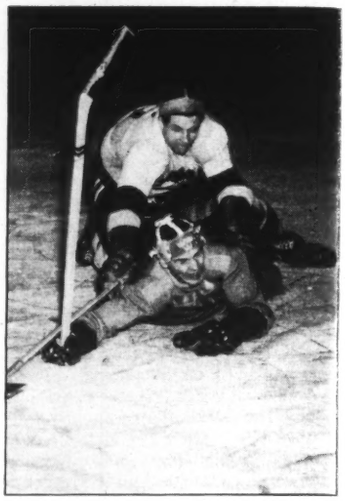
Unfortunately, the merry grooms made so much noise at their game that they woke the little Czarevitch (easy there, William Caxton). By Imperial edict, hockey was banned from Russia, but it was played secretly by the peasants and remained underground until The Revolution.

Now, someone has made the thoroughly ridiculous suggestion that the world champion Russian hockey team should be invited to visit Canada. Ah —what a dirty capitalist proposition!

I expect that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police will put me under surveillance for this, but if the Russians are so unwise as to visit Canada, I adjure them to bring along their own referee. I have been reading the newspapers this winter and, judging from the printed comments of every coach in the National Hockey League, *all* the referees in this country are gloriously incompetent and can't tell the difference between an offside and a dish of apple-pan dowdy.

The Russians hardly will be dopey enough to expose their world amateur hockey championship now that they have it locked away safely in the Kremlin. All future world hockey championships will probably be played on the defending team's home ice.

About a year from now, another world amateur hockey tournament probably will be staged. As usual, the



Rapid Grip & Batten

A LYNDHURST lands on top—but "the game ain't what it used to be".

officials of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association will feel morally obligated to send a tour-party to represent Canada.

Let us pray that the broomball squad from Ontario Ladies' College isn't the only Canadian team to signify that it wishes to accept the invitation.

•

Addendum

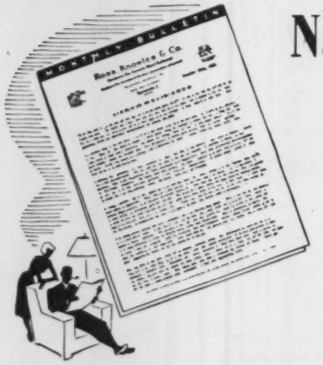
I name these lovely things,
Addendum,
With temerity,
To those so greatly loved
By Rupert Brooke,
Set down by him
In a glory and flame
Of words—

The oily, ruddled gleam of drifting logs
In deep brown river water
And the lonely gray old abandoned barns,
Weary rail fences.
The palimpsest of birches
Where the scrivener years
Have scrawled and scribbled their lore
In hieroglyphs of black;
The throaty pink of lily pads
The wind's turned upside down
Or lifted by the edge
And the unexpected blue of pickerel weed
In shallows of the creek.
The river's nubian bow
Lip-sticked with scarlet strokes
By the Cardinal flower
And the warm brown-fumed flesh
Of youth, sun bathing on beaches.

I list these lovely things—
The freshening, resinous smell
Of new milled lumber piles,
The diesel engine's smooth beauty
Throbbing with rhythmic ease.
A maple
Tossing its torch
On a windy hill
To kindle the forest aflame
And a far faint bugle
Calling in the night,
"Lights out,
Lights out."

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

Natural Gas Utilities



The future development of Canada's natural gas industry should bring about a considerable expansion in the operations of many gas distributing utilities.

This is one of the subjects discussed in our March Monthly Bulletin "First Quarter Review" which is now available.

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Business

Strong Case Against Guaranteed Wage

By C. M. SHORT

EVERY GOOD EMPLOYER realizes that idle men and machines under his control mean losses to him, his employees and the system of private enterprise under which he operates. He knows that steady operations the year-round can lower production costs, maintain or improve the quality of the things he makes, offer better opportunities for broader markets and promote worker morale. Moreover, a good employer has a sense of social responsibility, apart from his profit motive. He therefore understands the need for maintaining as steady employment as he can possibly find for his workers in order to keep up their standard of living, and that of the community in which he is situated. Employers of this type have been active for many years in stabilization policies and actions designed to eliminate, or lessen, seasonal and cyclical fluctuations in employment and production.

Considerable success has been achieved in these efforts, particularly in the so-called staple industries—those producing everyday necessities—and even in some durable goods industries, those in the automotive field, for example. Social welfare measures such as pension, sickness and accident funds have been established and other "fringe" benefits provided. Some employers have gone further with various guaranteed employment plans for their regular workers. These plans have had no general pattern, and experience with them has shown clearly that they cannot be successfully adopted by all industries. They have proved to be most effective in the staple lines of business, those the least sensitive to changes in consumer buying habits, and even in these units to be successful only if it has been recognized that employment is conditioned mainly by productivity.

Lack of understanding of these factors and of economic influences beyond the control of private enterprise led to the breakdown of many of the relative employment contracts during the depression of the 1930s. Those that survived that terrible period have been subject to revision from time to time as circumstances required, and none of a major nature has incorporated a definite *wage* guarantee.

The matter of a guaranteed wage has, however, been the subject of extensive analysis, discussion and argument, mainly in the United States. Thus, the American Bureau of Labor Statistics undertook an exhaustive examination of this matter and a few years ago reported, in part, that "cyclical movements in business activity are considered to be the greatest obstacle to successful operation of a guaranteed wage program (especially in the durable goods industries) . . . From a dispassionate appraisal of the efficacy of guaranteed wages, the device would appear to be, by itself alone, a weak reed upon which to rely in an attack on such widespread unemployment as our economy has encountered in recent years."

In the face of this authoritative opinion and of that of many independent economists to the effect that a guaranteed wage system could not perpetuate a state of prosperity, the United Automobile Workers Union, under the leadership of Walter P. Reuther, went on record at its annual convention in March, 1953, for the guaranteed wage, its resolution stating clearly that a guaranteed annual wage would compel management to end instability of employment "for which employers are directly responsible". Note carefully that this proposal was for annual payments, as distinguished from compensation such as unemployment insurance. The UAW resolution made some distinction between regular and temporary employees, but it was quite emphatic that employers be forced to pay all workers who might have to be laid off, with those of a certain seniority to be eligible for a full year of take-home pay adequate to maintain the living standards enjoyed while they were fully employed.

As Reuther succeeded the late Philip Murray as head of the CIO, his views have gained wide acceptance throughout that powerful organization and have been echoed in Canada. The Canadian affiliate of the CIO sometimes takes its cues from its American associate and might make the guaranteed wage a prime bargaining point in future negotiations with many industries in this country.

Wide World

GEORGE MEANY (left), AFL President, and Walter Reuther, CIO President. The former does not agree with Reuther's ideas about the practicability of guaranteed annual wages for industry.

A guaranteed wage system forced upon a country like Canada could have some serious effects, on labor as well as business, and eventually on the entire public. In a dynamic economy such as Canada now has, constant changes are inevitable, even necessary, to meet the new tastes of the buying public and to broaden productivity. These changes require a considerable mobility of labor for the development of newly-found resources, much of it in remote places. A guaranteed wage system would tie many workers to their present jobs or keep them in idleness in their home communities, if they were laid off.

In established industries with a guaranteed wage there would be additional overhead expense to carry idle employees on the payrolls, and this at a time when overhead and other costs need to be reduced if the demand of the Canadian public and foreign buyers for lower prices is to be met. It should be emphasized that the public here and abroad pays the wage bill in this country in the prices it is willing to pay for the goods and services it wishes to buy. Employers pass on to their employees the wages they can collect out of the prices the public pays, this proportion being about two-thirds of these prices. Wage rates therefore are actually determined by consumers. They can also determine the scale of employment by increasing or restricting their purchases as they see fit.

IT MIGHT be argued that employers should pay guaranteed wages out of their earnings and reserves. In the first place, the total net income (after all taxes) from private business operations and investment would not meet this country's labor bill for a single year. If these earnings were exhausted in guaranteed wages, recourse might then be made to liquid reserves, including, of course, public savings invested in such things as securities and real estate. In that event the whole financial structure might collapse, and home owners suffer severe depreciation in property holdings which they have striven so hard to acquire. As a last resort, businessmen might have to sacrifice their plants and equipment, the very facilities which they must have to provide employment, if they were left with the responsibility of supporting a great mass of unproductive people.

Before such ruinous liquidation could take place, however, the proponents of the guaranteed wage would probably press for absolute state economic control, which is implicit in in their plans, on a permanent basis. Such control might extend in the long run to labor, as well as business. Probably George Meany, President of the American Federation of Labor, had this danger in mind when he said in a copyrighted interview (*U.S. News and World Report*, Nov. 6, 1953) "We have not pressed that demand (the guaranteed wage). We may come to it someday . . . it's almost an impossibility under our economic system to have a guaranteed annual wage in certain types of business . . . there are millions of workers with corporations that couldn't possibly make such a guarantee."

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OFFICES ACROSS CANADA FROM COAST TO COAST

Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Cassiar Yukon

I HAVE A *number of shares of Cassiar Yukon Gold Mines Ltd. These were purchased two years ago at 25 cents. I haven't received an annual report from the company since 1952. What is the value of the stock at present? Will it go up or has the company folded? Shall I hang on in hope or sell now and take my loss? —E. S. B., Camp Petawawa, Ont.*

This stock is presently quoted at 7 cents in Vancouver. The latest report from the company states that the option taken on the asbestos property, in the McDame area of British Columbia, has been dropped by Canadian Johns-Manville.

Meanwhile, the company proposes to ship some high grade silver lead ore from the Marble Creek property. Apparently, small, high grade lenses of ore exist on the property.

Whether volume production can be obtained is a matter of conjecture. Costs of operation in this area are so high that only very high grade ores are commercial.

From the present price of the stock it appears that the Vancouver market does not consider its prospects too attractive. However as you would only receive $21.00, less commission, for your stock now you might as well gamble the balance in the hope that the Spring mining season will produce some development that might stimulate some interest in the company.

Norzinc

SOME TIME AGO *I purchased 1,500 shares of Norzinc at 30 cents when it first came on the market. I was informed then, through a supposedly good source, that it would be listed within six months with good prospects. I have been unable to get any information at all about it except some evasive remarks and I would appreciate any help you can give me. —M. L. A., Toronto.*

The latest information we have, which is not too recent, states that the company owns a three-claim, 50-acre zinc property and holds a lease on an additional 700 acres in Gatineau County, Quebec.

Production was reported commencing in April of 1953 with the mill operating at about 60 tons per day. Ore was being taken from an open cut operation and exploration was under way on a vein estimated to average 12 per cent zinc.

With the price of zinc declining to levels where long established mines have found it difficult, if not impossible, to operate at profitable levels and zinc promising to stay in surplus supply for quite some time, it is questionable whether the property can produce a profit in the forseeable future.

The present market of 5-10 cents gives a measure of outlook for this company and it appears that the one remaining question is whether you should take a loss that almost approximates the entire amount of capital you have risked on this stock.

As selling in the unlisted market is almost impossible except on the bid price, the best course of action at the present time would seem to be to place a "sell on bid only" order near the offering price of 15 and hope.

Cities Service

I HOLD SHARES *of Cities Service. What is the outlook for this company and would you advise selling?—S. E. G., Sorrento, BC.*

Cities Service is one of the major American Oil Companies. Besides its own large holdings of oil, the company has a 35 per cent interest in Richland Oil, a Pacific coast company that has large holdings in the Middle East oil fields also, and a sizable interest in natural gas facilities. Earnings from natural gas provided some 12 per cent of earnings in 1952.

Presently selling at 91, where the dividend of $4.00, plus $1.00, provides a yield of 5.5 per cent, the stock has staged a considerable recovery from the 1953 low of 70⅞ and is now approaching the area of heavy supply that was distributed during 1951 and 1952 above 98.

Considering this and the fact that gasoline supplies in the United States have increased steadily for months to reach a record high of 179,203,000 barrels, it appears that the 1951-1952 levels will provide a formidable obstacle to any great extension of the advance.

With price weakness evident in both gasoline and fuel oils (gasoline in bulk cargo lots was cut to 9¼ cents a gallon at Gulf ports), there is more than a possibility that the price wars that have broken out in various sectors of the United States will extend into other areas. Should a battle for markets develop into severe price cutting, reduced profit margins for refiners will result.

Thus the stock appears to be close to a selling point and selling seems advisable.

New York Central

I HOLD *several hundred shares of New York Central which I purchased around $21. The recent battle for publicity between Robert Young and the management of the New York Central has worried me considerably. Would you advise holding or selling my stock at the present price of 24 — R.J.C., Albany, New York.*

The battle lines that have been drawn between the management and Robert R. Young, who is seeking to gain control of the Board of Directors of New York Central, has stimulated

a great deal of trading activity in this stock.

This activity has tended to obscure the operating picture of the railroad, which like other railroads has not been too good since the turn of the year. According to recent information, the estimated net income of 130 Class I railroads amounted to $18 million during January against the $57 million of January of last year. Operating revenues last January amounted to $749,825,836 against $863,014,651 in January of 1953. Car-loadings have continued to decline for an appreciable period and for the week ended March 6 were 590,567 cars which was 13.8 per cent below the corresponding week of last year and 17.2 per cent below the same week of two years ago.

While the switch to diesels has made an amazing change in the operating economies of the American railroads, it is evident from these figures that dieselization is only effective under the conditions which permit full utilization of diesel power. In other words, full efficiency can only be demonstrated under full load, and, when traffic declines, the enormous fixed expenses of the railroads erase all of the gains from this source.

The January figures of New York Central, which include all leased lines, show that while the January gross declined from $67,225,071 to $57,978,291, the 1953 income for the period of $1,338,381 was not only completely erased but replaced by a loss of $2,762,696.

Without earning capacity no stock can be considered attractive, and as it appears that Mr. Young faces some very formidable forces in his battle to assume control of the New York Central, it is suggested that you dispose of your stock at the present price while a profit is available.

Barymin Company

I HOLD SHARES *of the Barymin Company Limited purchased at a price range from $1.25 to $1.38. I thought it an exceptional find at the time, regarding growth possibilities. However, there has been little market appreciation in the stock. Certainly it has not progressed in the manner I thought it would and I would appreciate your remarks on the company. — D.B., Calgary.*

Barymin is a prospecting, development and holding company that operates through a subsidiary, Canadian Industrial Minerals, a baryte mine in Nova Scotia. Interest is held in a number of other mines, chief of which is Beach Gold Mines. Barymin holds 200,000 shares of this company.

According to the latest report, operations for 1953 were very successful. Shipments to the company's principal markets in the United States, Trinidad and Venezuela increased substantially.

As a result of this earnings per share rose from 16 cents earned in 1952 to 27 cents per share. Working capital was brought up to $1,049,994 from $645,166 and ore reserves were increased from 1,320,682 to 2,970,551 tons at the end of 1953.

With an extra dividend of 5 cents being declared in January and the fall dividend of 10 cents likely to be on an annual basis, it appears that the earnings prospects for these shares are quite good.

The present market on the stock of $1.55, where a yield of 9.7 per cent is indicated, shows little speculative enthusiasm for these prospects as the trading of 21,712 shares in January and 13,666 shares in February illustrates.

Without speculative interest being aroused by the activities of the exploration group of the company, it appears likely that the market will continue to assess the company on the basis of its operation as the commercial proposition. While the yield is high enough to warrant further appreciation in the price, mining stocks generally sell on a high yield basis. The reason for this is that, compared to a manufacturing enterprise, mining companies are usually considered as dealing with a wasting asset and a portion of the dividend is discounted on a return of capital basis.

For the long pull, your shares seem well worth holding for income and long term capital appreciation.

In Brief

WOULD YOU *recommend buying any more shares of Century Mining? I bought some three years ago at 40 cents. It is now quoted at 5½. Any hope?—J. D. M., Montreal.*

Not much.

I HAVE *shares of Roche Long Lac at 17 cents. Would you advise keeping as a speculation or selling?—M. H., Toronto.*

Sell.

I HAVE *some Barvue Mines. Should I hold on, average down or get out?—F. P., Drummondville, Que.*

Take your loss.

HAS *Columinda much chance of appreciation? I bought at 30 cents. Should I sell at 12?—J. J. H., Toronto.*

You should.

WOULD YOU *advise averaging down on Canadian Celanese at present prices?—C. M. T., Oshawa.*

No. Earnings are off again.

WE BOUGHT *Northern Extension Cobalt. Is it worth anything at all?—D. J. M., St. Lambert, PQ.*

Extension disconnected.

CAN YOU *advise what the prospects of Baltic Mines are?—H. B. B., Willowdale, Ont.*

Faint and far away.

I BOUGHT *shares in Brunette Mines some years ago. What would you advise?—B. P. M., Toronto.*

Next time try a blonde.

I AM HOLDING *shares of Giant Mascot bought at 85 cents. Should I sell and take a loss?—A. D., Erie, Pa.*

Seems worth holding.

I HAVE *several thousand shares of British Empire Oil Co., some of which were purchased at 1.34. It is now 30 cents. Should I wait for a recovery?—J. E. P., Peterborough, Ont.*

The active buying here indicates it would be wise to hold.

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D. A. MACKENZIE,
Solicitor for the Petitioner,
Esterhazy, Sask.

Who's Who in Business

Challenge and Responsibility

By Bernard Taylor

OSWALD MARGISON had nothing to do with the design of his new ranch-style home in suburban Toronto, six miles from his office. He was too busy working on structural problems for other people.

"I would have wanted to have planned the job right down to the last detail—and I just could not spare the time," he explains. "So I bought a finished product."

At 71 he is still a busy partner in the busy partnership of Margison and Babcock, consulting engineers and industrial designers. His firm has built an outstanding reputation in its field, and industrial and commercial buildings, bridges, docks and other important structures stand to its credit in many parts of Canada.

Ashley & Crippen
OSWALD MARGISON.

Oswald Margison spent the early part of his career in printing, first in San Diego, California, where his family settled after moving from England in 1895, and later in Victoria, BC. In 1912, at the age of 29, he travelled east to take a civil engineering course at the University of Toronto. After graduation he went to work for J. H. Tromanhauser, of Toronto, an expert in the design and construction of grain elevators, flour mills and flour warehouses. Tromanhauser invented the floating concrete crib used in the construction of docks and sea walls. Margison learned much from him. "Simplicity of construction was Tromanhauser's policy, and I owe a lot to his guidance," he says.

For three years Margison also taught at the University of Toronto during the winter months, and conducted a class in draughting for veterans of World War One.

In 1921, he went into practice on his own as a structural engineer. Seven years later he joined in a partnership with H. A. Babcock, who had been a classmate at university. "We had always remained good friends, and we decided it might be a good idea to combine our knowledge and experience," he recalls.

The combination proved successful. One of the largest projects with which they were immediately concerned was the structural design of Toronto's Customs House. Industry, commerce and government continued to demand their services.

In 1948 an important client commissioned work so extensive that the partnership was required to completely review its organization. The client was the federal government; the work, multi-million dollar defence projects.

The firm of Margison, Babcock & Associates Limited was formed as a separate company to undertake the work. Margison's eldest son, Arthur, 36, a mechanical engineer, became managing director. His other son, John, 34, a chemical engineer, is now head of the processing department.

The new "branch" grew rapidly to become the larger organization, employing a staff of 60—double that of the original firm. It was established in its own set of offices in Toronto.

Much of the defence work has now been completed, but the associated company has attracted sufficient commercial work to keep it fully occupied. The two organizations work in close co-operation and frequently assist each other in specialist capacities.

Oswald Margison thinks he "might" retire in a couple of years from now. He would like to have more time for his hobbies of swimming, painting and philosophy. Both he and his wife, Ida, would like to spend more time around the seven-roomed house they bought only last November in a secluded and pretty part of York Mills "twenty minutes from town". Family gatherings are held regularly and "our six grandchildren have the pride of place". The Margisons are fond of their large garden and grow their favorite flower—the daffodil—in profusion.

He would not retire completely, but be retained by the two firms on an advisory basis.

"This means that I will have more time at home with my wife who has been a constant help to me throughout my career and a great source of encouragement," he declared.

"The life of a structural engineer is fraught with problems which are a constant challenge and responsibility," he says. "But there are compensating thrills in the final achievements."

He gives wholesome advice to students of engineering: "Be accurate in calculation and exercise sound judgment. Always remember that hard work is next to genius."

Certificate of Registry C-1475 has been issued authorizing The Victory Insurance Company Limited of London, England, to transact in Canada the business of Accident Insurance, Automobile Insurance, Explosion Insurance, Plate Glass Insurance, Sickness Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Theft Insurance and Windstorm Insurance in addition to Fire Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, Personal Property Insurance, Real Property Insurance, and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance and Water Damage Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under the policy of Fire Insurance of the Company. Mr. V. R. Willemsen is the Chief Agent.

Certificate of Registry No. C-1472 has been issued authorizing The Great Lakes Reinsurance Company of Toronto, Ontario, to transact the business of Hail Insurance, in addition to Fire Insurance, Accident Insurance, Automobile Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Limited or Inherent Explosion Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Water Damage Insurance, Weather Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of Fire Insurance of the company, for which it is already registered, limited to the business of reinsurance only. Mr. Vernon R. Willemsen is President of the company.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 269

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF THIRTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 30th April 1954 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after SATURDAY, the FIRST day of MAY 1954, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 31st March 1954. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

N. J. McKINNON,
General Manager

Toronto, 5th March 1954.

By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers
to the late King George VI
W. M. Sanderson & Son, Ltd., Leith

'Quality Tells'

VAT 69

Finest
SCOTCH WHISKY
BOTTLED
IN SCOTLAND

Advertising

Age of Color

By John Carlton

A YEAR OR TWO will elapse before color television becomes generally established in Canada, but its inevitability is already exerting a marked influence upon printed advertising. Magazines this year will have more and brighter splashes of color and newspapers are readying their equipment to give advertisers run-of-paper color. It is anticipated that the new color medium will lead to the adoption of color in more directions than are foreseen now and advertisers are preparing to take full advantage of the trend before it gets well started.

The food industry in particular will develop further its technique of selling by color. Other industries that so far have been content with black and white will follow suit. Greater efforts will be made to have retail shelf packages attract the eye with more alluring designs. One thing seems sure: color television is not going to have a clear field, when it comes, because of default by other media.

Television sets in Canada now number close on 600,000. This figure will increase rapidly when the seven stations in operation are joined by the eight scheduled to make a start this year. Vincent Barreca, president of Canadian Admiral Corporation, estimates that more than 500,000 TV receivers, valued at $200 million, will be sold in Canada this year. Color, Mr. Barreca claims, will make the industry greater than ever and the saturation point is still a long way off.

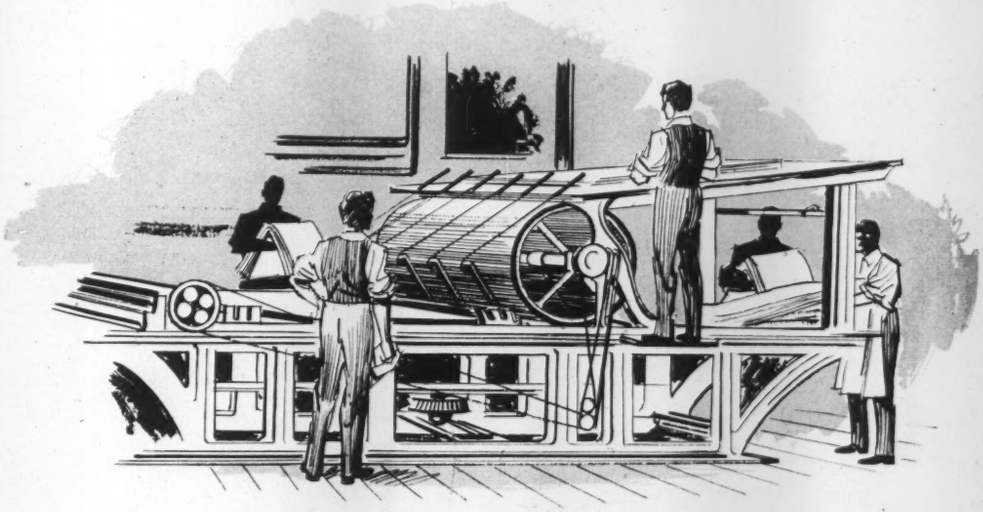
Steadily rising production costs will be responsible for many repeated advertisements this year. Some time ago, the Business Newspapers' Association of Canada issued a bulletin dealing with this question. It gave data on the readership of identical advertisements when repeated in subsequent issues of the same business papers. The findings of the survey did not necessarily apply to consumer publications but they showed that business paper advertisements usually gained in readership when repeated; that the same ad could appear four times before losing its effect; and that advertisers could buy more space with the money saved by this economy.

An institutional advertising campaign paying tribute to Canada's trucking industry has been launched by Dunlop Tire and Rubber Goods Company, Ltd. The large space series reminds the public of the varied services rendered by truckers to all sections of the community, "helping to keep Canada on the move". A similar motif is seen in magazine ads by Household Finance Corporation of Canada, giving prominence to "Canadian Builders" who are contributing to Canada's growth. Tribute is paid to workers in a number of fields. A third institutional campaign is that released by Canadian Industries Limited, using magazines to draw attention to the advantages of purchasing foods packed in "Cellophane".

Another agency has been added to the three already handling advertising for the Ontario Government Department of Travel and Publicity. Other advertisers who have appointed agencies are the Irish Dollar Export Board, Montreal; Thermos Bottle Company, Ltd., Toronto; and the Rexall Drug Company, Ltd.

The Soviets have decided that if Advertising, the handmaiden of hated Capitalism, is to be allowed within the Iron Curtain, the hussy must be suitably groomed and garbed. The order has gone forth to Russian advertisers to take the grimness and greyness out of their copy. The Soviet paper *Trud* has announced that Russia's most talented poets are to be employed in making ads more attractive and less like laboratory reports. *Trud* quotes an advertisement for tangerine juice: "A kind of liquid, i.e., the liquid part of the pulp pressed from tangerines with the nourishing substances dissolved in it. 100 grams of tangerine pulp gives the organism 40 to 60 milligrams of vitamin C or, as they say, one man-dose." *Trud* comments: "This is a laboratory report. It's enough to repel the most fervent juice drinker."

THE PRINTED WORD . . . RECORDER OF ACHIEVEMENT, KEYSTONE OF PROGRESS



When "The Times" was put to bed—full steam ahead!

It was a great day in printing history, that day in 1814 when the first edition of The London Times rolled off the world's first steam-driven presses. The mightiest advance in printing-press construction since Gutenberg's day had been the perfection by a young Saxon printer named Friedrich Koenig of a steam-powered press. The Times bought two of them and installed them in Printing House Square under conditions of the greatest secrecy. The initial run was a resounding success and The Times proudly announced next day "Printing by steam on an almost gigantic scale given to the world". The "gigantic scale" was 1,100 copies an hour!

And today . . . a modern magazine press like the one illustrated prints four colors in one run, consuming 48,000 feet of paper every hour!

Provincial Papers

More fine Canadian printing appears on Provincial Papers than on any other kind

Provincial Paper Limited TORONTO • MONTREAL • WINNIPEG

EATON'S
The Harmonized Costume
...Going Smartly to Town for Spring!
Close harmony is everywhere in the new Costume Fashions at Eaton's... Subtle shadings in the colour tones, textures matched to be in tune. The total effect makes a lovely music — in dress and coat ensembles, blouse-blending suit costumes, multiple-piece masterpieces of new Fashions for Spring.
EATON'S ... CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION ... STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

Life Insurance

By Nazla Dane

AT PRESENT women purchase about one-tenth of all the life insurance sold. Ordinarily, their policies are small, but this is counterbalanced by their tenacity in paying premiums. Apparently women are reluctant to surrender insurance once they are convinced they have bought the policies that suit them best.

Women tend to think of insurance in terms of the rent, the food and the clothing that it may some day buy for those who mean most to them. Women are realists, so they buy insurance, also, because they want future income, to set up shops, to buy new homes, furniture, fur coats or to provide a holiday fund.

Women's life insurance needs are much the same as the needs of men. If they marry, their policies can be used to advantage in the family insurance program, or to help make purchases for the home. When endowment insurance or an annuity enters into the picture, it becomes a convenient savings program plus the finest form of protection for her beneficiaries.

Women are the beneficiaries of about 80 per cent of all life insurance estates in Canada. Women outlive men by about five years and are widows for an average of eight years; they therefore require income for a longer time than men do. The need is all the greater when the children are young, because a woman feels that she can't provide an adequate home if she must earn all or part of the family income.

Worry is a state of mind that has no convenient medical label, but it is known to be responsible for a great many early deaths. Women who encourage their husbands to provide protection for their families are practical people who know that there is only one real answer to worry, and that answer is security. It is cheering to them, too, to realize that policies originally purchased for protection can be turned later into retirement income, to be enjoyed by husband and wife together.

Business and professional women frequently have to think not only of their own futures but of dependents as well. Their life insurance needs fall into two categories: protection and future income. Career women with parents, other relatives or children to support shortly discover that peace of mind is difficult to come by if no provision has been made for the future of their dependents. Here again it is an additional comfort, for those with life insurance, to know that when elderly members of the family die or when the children have grown up and become self-supporting, a fund is at hand which may easily be turned into retirement income.

Indeed, it is not altogether far-fetched to suspect that all life insurance purchases are due, in one way or another, to the influence and requirements of women. Especially is this true since more women work outside the home than ever before and, consequently, are more interested in money management.

women

POLKA DOTS *are in the Spring news, even in blouses. This Lady Hathaway shirt, designed by Digby Morton, is made of white batiste, with the white polka dots on various colored grounds. Long sleeves are gaining in popularity this year, with emphasis on smart cuff-links.*

BLACK PATENT *is again in fashion, teamed here with checked taffeta. Pumps and matching handbag are manufactured in Canada.*

Photo: Gracie

Conversation Pieces:

SPRING is accessory time, and with skirts a bit shorter, interest can shift to the feet. Shoe manufacturers have taken full advantage of the fact and have splurged on materials. Shoes are being made in taffeta, linen, metallic and nylon meshes. Color runs rampant, often in vivid shades of red, yellow, green and blue. The styles have not changed spectacularly, as they sometimes do. The toes can be a modified taper, gently rounded, or sometimes square. It is the heels that tell the new story. Whether high or low, they are slimmer and more graceful. For a dramatic fashion note, you will find heels of a different shade, as a black shoe with a white heel. We thought you might be interested in viewing the change in footwear through the ages and so we photographed a group (seen on the following page) at the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto.

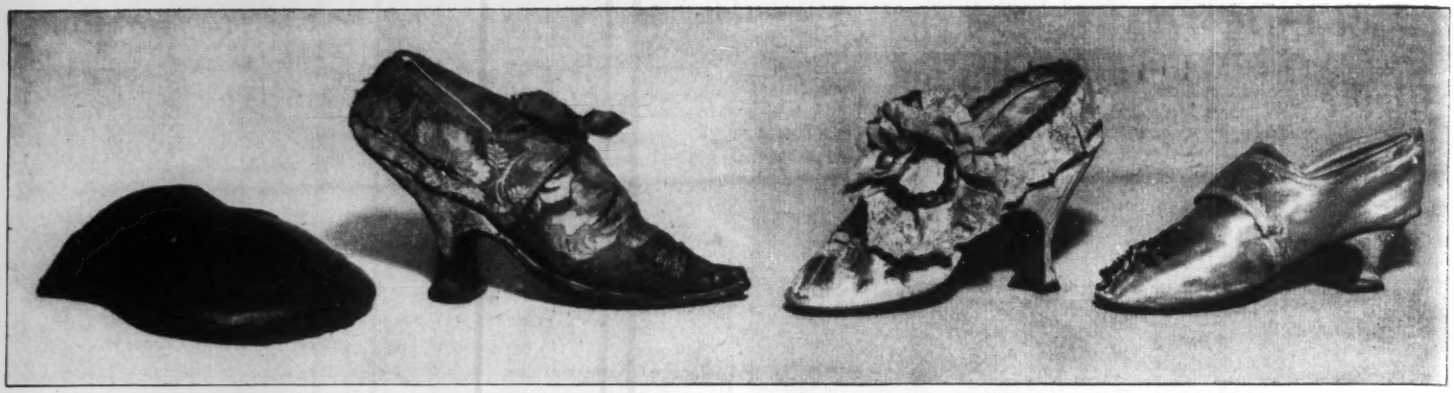
Elections: Mrs. H. D. Barbour was elected President of the Women's Musical Club of Winnipeg; Mrs. Viola MacMillan was re-elected President of the preponderantly male Prospectors and Developers' Association.

Canadians seem to be turning to murder mysteries. A couple of years ago, Julia McGrew, of Toronto, collaborated on a chatty entertaining mystery called *Murder by Mail*. (Miss McGrew is at present in Copenhagen, working on her Ph.D. in languages.) Then this Spring Frances Shelley Wees came along with a psychological mystery, set in Toronto. And just recently we met Max Reinhardt (the publisher, no relation to the legendary producer), who told us his company is publishing *Hot Freeze*, a "tough" mystery, set in Montreal, by a Montreal author writing under the name of Martin Brett.

Very long gloves are coming back into popularity, especially with spring and summer formals. Claire McCardell, of New York, has brought out a "contour" style that curves with the arm, in pastel fabric.

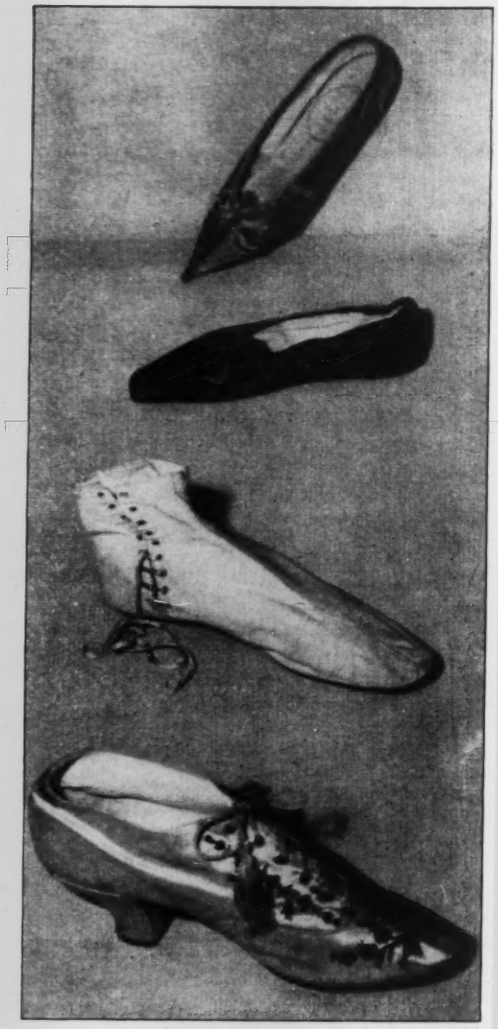
This week's guest columnist (see page 26) is Nazla Dane, Head of the Women's Division of The Canadian Life Insurance Officers' Association, Toronto, and a popular speaker at meetings all across the country. She is a Past President of the Toronto Business and Professional Women's Club, and is a member of the Local Council of Women, the Women's Advertising Club, the Order of the Eastern Star, is a Soroptomist, and is the new President of the Interclub Council for Women in Public Affairs.

At Morgan's fashion show, we saw some of the new straight-line stoles that will be worn this Spring. One was in black Persian Lamb, a fur not often used in this way. Three insets of black velvet ran the length of the stole to give it a supple quality. Commentator Eve Trill mentioned that the staid conservatism of many of the English fashion houses has given way this season to a greater feeling of originality. Certainly a costume by John Cavanagh proved her point. The three-quarter reversible coat was of linen and nubbly tweed, with a scooped-neckline linen blouse and a tweed skirt. Other highlights of the show included a geranium red evening coat of cotton corduroy; an ivory lace gown by Nicol of Sweden, with a low rounded *décolletage* in the back, long sleeves and a hip-draped satin bow; a white evening gown from Italy, completely encrusted with beading, and with a long chiffon scarf of orange-yellow that draped over the head and fell to the hemline.



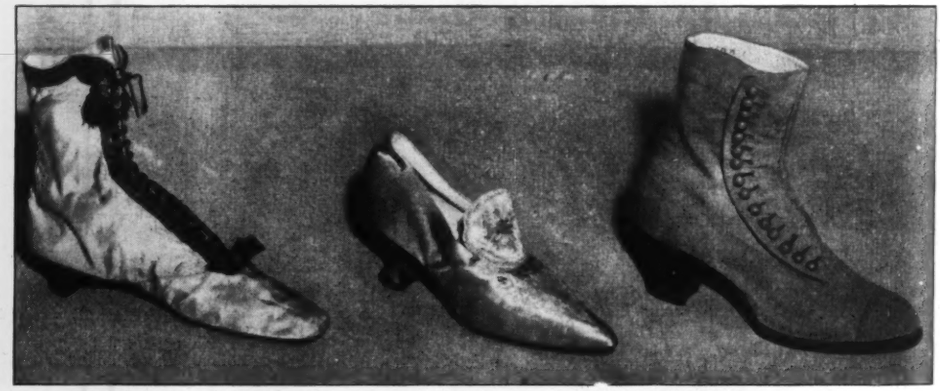
STYLES *change in shoes, just as much as in costumes. Here are some styles from Elizabethan times on: a man's shoe in leather, with slashed toe, early 16th century (1); a lady's shoe in green brocaded silk, with its pointed toe curved slightly up, late 17th century; a cream brocaded silk with ruffles of pillowcase lace, featuring the slender heel of the mid 18th century; a pale blue satin slipper, with embroidery on the rounded toe, and with a broad low heel, about 1800.*

Four Centuries of Shoes



FROM DUBLIN *came the mauve kid slipper (top) with yellow corded silk binding and very pointed toe, late 18th century; another slipper, made in Marseilles early in the 19th century, in emerald green brocade, with a square toe and a flat sole; the English boot, made about 1820, is in white patterned cotton and is side laced; the white satin oxford, worn by the Duchess of Marlborough in 1890, is laced with silk cord.*

The period shoes are from the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, and were photographed by Ashley and Crippen.



A HANDSOME *front-laced boot that belonged to the Comtesse de Paris (about mid-19th century), in mauve taffeta, with gold braid; a lady's cream satin evening pump, period of 1911, with its pointed toe embroidered in pearls, sequins and clear glass beads; another 1911 style, this time from Los Angeles, in a grey suede button boot, with a rounded toe.*

THE SHOE *of today: a mere nothing in a smart beige suede with turquoise trim, exclusive with Dolcis of Canada.*

Photo: Ken Bell

Food

By Margaret Ness

It is always a major triumph when you find some way of giving a new piquancy to an egg dish. From the Dutch East Indies via the Netherlands to the Hotel Algonquin in New York comes this recipe, which the Algonquin chef calls *Nasi Goreng* and which he freely translates as *Fried Eggs on Rice with Exotic Spices*. Actually the term is a Malayan one and means Rice—Baked. But the dish was a popular one in Indonesia and was adapted to the European taste by the Dutch.

To make this dish, one of the most popular ones on the Hotel Algonquin menu, you must first obtain the "exotic spices", called *Sombals*. We were warned they would not be stocked by the regular food stores, so we telephoned the Netherlands Consulate and were told where they are available in Canada. We will gladly furnish the address on request.

Now for the recipe itself. Besides having the spices already on hand, you have made beforehand 1 qt. of chicken stock and have prepared ½ lb. roast beef, cooked lean and diced very small; and you have diced 1 large onion, 2 stalks of celery and 1 leek.

Now take a large heavy pan and place in it ¼ lb. butter and the diced onion, celery and leek. Let the mixture simmer until it is light brown, and then add the diced roast beef, 1 lb. white rice and the spices (1½ tsp. of Sombal Celex and 1 tsp. each of Sombal Petis, Kerrie Djawa and Sombal Brandol). Simmer for five minutes before adding the chicken stock. Since you want this rice mixture to be dry and sharp when done, cook for another five minutes, this time over a hot fire. Be sure to stir it occasionally to prevent burning.

While you are cooking the rice, you have also fried eight eggs and sautéd two bananas (split lengthwise) in butter. Now you are ready to serve. Place on each of four plates a good mound of the rice, top it with two eggs and garnish with the banana.

• •

In The Beginning

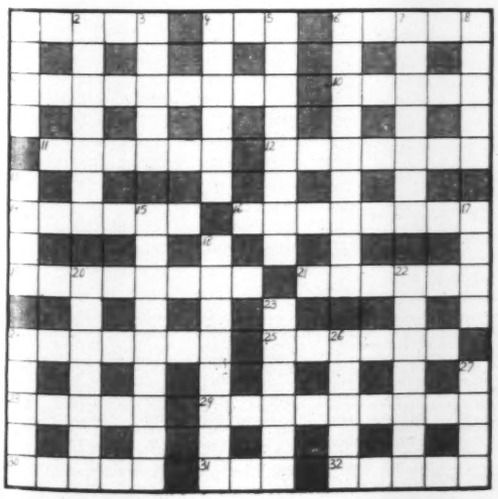
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. See 8, 13, 27.
4. Salad green seems somewhat costly. (3)
6. See 8.
9. Did the vicar get untidy hair serenading the newly-weds? (9)
10. Where Leo was fed in Christian fashion. (5)
11. See 27.
12. The wise man may finish it without being wise to what's in it. (7)
14. It is ordained that priests should take them. (6)
16. Then read all about him! (In the Ox-ford Press, perhaps). (8)
19. When England 15 Guy Fawkes. (8)
21. Not even unusual? (6)
24. Have a pickle Miss Woodhouse? One with horns? (7)
25. A foray at the neckwear sale, by the sound of it. (6)
28. One Scotch gets me in such a state! (5)
29. Could Daisy's "bicycle built for two" be termed one? (4,5)
30. One does on the . . . . . (5)
31. Acted, like Aeneas' lover with nothing on. (3)
32. Lop it to make your balance look bad. (5)

DOWN

1. To chaff this long will get the bird. (4)
2. Did the train leave train-tracks when it did? (7)
3. In the Scriptures, helped to make Eli human. (5)
4. I join the hunt, perhaps, following the ponies. (6)
5. Cellbate spider? (8)
6. A great dud never! (9)
7. It's mean to be termed so! (7)
8. 1 across, 6 across. Despite his name, Lady Sneerwell didn't suspect her ally of being one. (5,2,3,5)
13. 1 across, 24 down. Because they're here, do garbage men never feel up 1 across, 11? (4,2,3,5)
15. See 19. (9)
17. 19's thirty. (4)
18. The patient has! Please, doctor, come up about it. (8)
20. How much? You're telling me! (7)
22. When bringing up the cud, dine outside for a change. (7)
23. It's a great weight on the editor. (6)
24. See 13.
26. Useful for keeping baby quiet? (5)
27. 1 across, 11. Boss Zeus is, and has his, on Mt. Olympus. (4,2,3,6)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Housemaid's Knee
10. Facsimile
11. Synge
12. Elect
13. Emotional
14. Stacks
16. Drivers
19. Heaters
21. Handle
23. Tenements
25. Owner
26. Hindu
27. Egotistic
28. Day of Reckoning

DOWN

2. Orchestra
3. Swift
4. Maidens
5. Ice cold
6. Suspicion
7. Ninon
8. Eye-glass
9. Often
15. Cream puff
17. Ellington
18. Thatched
20. Sincere
21. Hassock
22. Crack
24. Nancy
25. Onion

(306)

A FAMOUS SERVICE TO **EUROPE**

IRELAND **ENGLAND** **FRANCE** HOLLAND

NIEUW AMSTERDAM
Mighty flagship of the fleet, with acres of decks for sports and relaxation, swimming pools, shops, cinema, night clubs, gymnasium, solarium, sumptuous salons.

A new high in gracious living afloat is attained on Holland-America Line ships—with their centuries-seasoned heritage of seamanship, immaculate shipkeeping, warm hospitality, friendly, courteous service, and famed Continental cuisine.

RYNDAM—MAASDAM
Celebrated twin thriftliners, completely air-conditioned. Smart, sleek, modern—featuring virtually-all-of-ship privileges for tourist class passengers.

Regular sailings from New York to SOUTHAMPTON-LE HAVRE-ROTTERDAM by NIEUW AMSTERDAM, MAASDAM and RYNDAM . . . Direct to ROTTERDAM by deluxe one-class motor-twins WESTERDAM and NOORDAM. Monthly service to COBH, IRELAND, by the RYNDAM.

Special Sailing from MONTREAL
RYNDAM—JUNE 19

"It's good to be on a well run ship"

Holland-America Line

MONTREAL: Laurentien Hotel, Dominion Square, Montreal 2, P. Q.
WINNIPEG: Room 405, Royal Bank Building, Winnipeg, Man.
TORONTO: 38 Melinda Street, Toronto 1, Ontario
VANCOUVER: 591 Burrard St., Vancouver 1, B. C.

To EUROPE by Netherlands Government Vessels

Low fares. High standards of Dutch seamanship, cleanliness and traditional friendliness. Ample room for recreation and fun. Good, plentiful menu.

From Halifax direct to Rotterdam: Groote Beer Apr. 9; Zuiderkruis Apr. 22. From Quebec to Southampton, and Rotterdam: Groote Beer Apr. 30; Zuiderkruis May 13 stops also at Le Havre. From New York to Southampton, Le Havre and Rotterdam: Sibajak May 17; Groote Beer July 6.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

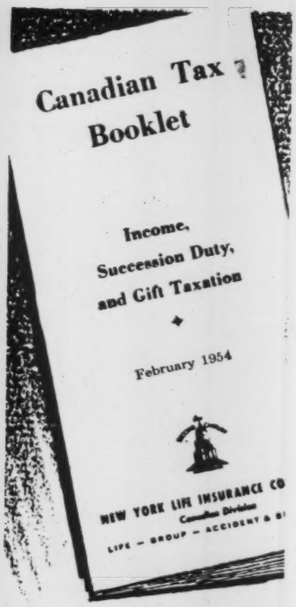
Directorate-General of Shipping (Ministrie van Verkeer en Waterstaat) The Hague, The Netherlands. Holland-America Line, Agents.

This is Britain...

and so is this!
(less than two hours away)

BRITAIN is your holiday land, whatever your holiday tastes. You may wander through the fascinating city of Canterbury, famous for its Pilgrims, its magnificent cathedral and for other historic buildings such as St. Augustine's College, pictured above... and the same day visit the Cinque Port town of Rye in Sussex, where Smugglers thrived in the olden days. You can do all this in one day and without hurry. For Britain has everything... and everything is close by in Britain. And wherever you go, whenever you go, you'll find Britain an unforgettable holiday land. Plan your visit now, with the help of your travel agent—or write for literature and all information to: The British Travel Association (Dept. SN/7), 90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario.

For a holiday of contrasts
Come to Britain



What you should know about

YOUR INCOME TAX

Will it pay you to make a gift to the Crown? Can you deduct a reserve for bad or doubtful debts? Can you deduct an amount paid as alimony? All these answers and many more that can save you money on income tax are found in the "Canadian Tax Booklet".
It will help you to take advantage of all the legitimate deductions and file the thriftiest tax return ever.
It's free . . . yours for the asking. Fill out the coupon below and send for your copy today.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
320 Bay St. Toronto

Department SN-3
NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
320 Bay Street,
Toronto, Ontario

Please send me my free copy of the February 1954 Canadian Tax Booklet.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... PROV.....
PLEASE PRINT N 54-2

Letters

Better Informed

IN RELATION to your article concerning Dr. Donald G. Gilbert's program for enlightenment of Americans regarding Canada, may I howl disagreement with your statement—"Canadians are no better informed about the United States than Americans are about Canada"?

Here in the heart of New England where many Americans resent even this titular connection with anything British, I find not only appalling ignorance of the large neighbor to the north of the 49th parallel, but a frank aversion to learning about Canada.

With credit due mainly to the American press and radio, most Canadians know far more of American politics, geography, history and everyday living than even well-educated Americans know of Canadian counterparts.

A simple test has convincing results—ask average Canadians to name as many states of the United States as possible. You'll be amazed how often forty or more will be quickly listed. But among my many professional colleagues here, products of American university education, I have yet to find one who can list on demand seven of the ten provinces . . .

Hartford, Conn. W. L. ESDALE, MD

Sweepstakes

REALIZING the tongue-in-cheek manner of the writer (Jim Coleman, writing about sweepstakes) do you not at the same time realize the contribution you are making in influencing public opinion in favor of a movement that would not help, but hinder "public health and welfare"? . . .

It is rather naive to imply that prizes (and overhead?) could be limited to ten per cent. Why, the proceeds that go to the Irish Hospitals don't amount to much more than that percentage, and the loss in goodwill towards hospitals ("let the sweepstakes look after them") is extensive. The ambition to fall heir to a lot of unearned money so that we can "thumb our noses at the rest of the world" doesn't lend itself to very effective social relationships . . .

(REV.) MAURICE WHIDDEN
Chesley, Ont.

Defence of Ballet

I SOMETIMES wonder why editors bother to publish letters like that of C. K. Stinson . . . Such writers should be required to list their own occupations and interests, so that those who are angered by their insults can give all kinds of reasons why they, too, are snobs, posturers, amateurs, esoteric, nonsensical, etc., etc., etc.—and why their teachers would be much better occupied sweeping streets . . .

There may be people who attend ballet because of its snob appeal, just as there are snobs who attend any of those activities which might be called civilizing, but I believe the proportion is small.

C. K. Stinson's letter reminds me of the Professor of English, newly-appointed to an American college. His first assignment created a furore of glee with some of the students. "Make a list of the things you don't like about 'Don Quixote'." They tackled the job with relish. His next question punctured the balloon, however. "To what defect within yourselves do you attribute this lack of appreciation?"

Montreal JOHN WHELAN

Broadcast Views

MAY I TAKE the opportunity to say that I heartily endorse the sentiments expressed by Mr. H. Mitchell regarding "crashing boredom" contained in the Wednesday Night programs of the CBC. It is most improbable that these sentiments will have any effect on the hard-boiled moguls who perpetrate these programs on a long-suffering public, but it will not do any harm to let it be known that their "efforts" are not as generally appreciated as they fondly imagine them to be. Incidentally, the cost of these items must be out of all proportion to their alleged entertainment value.

Ottawa CYRIL J. L. RICKWOOD

SPARE US sweeping denunciations of programs like "Nightcap" on television! If you must use such vulgar terms, apply them aptly to such embarrassing botch-ups as the CBC's "cut-ins" on the Jackie Gleason show. But we are joined by many other TV viewers in our enjoyment of the smooth, professional night-club entertainers who establish the intimate atmosphere of a small night spot in Montreal. It is a neat little package, always well-executed, and there is not a CBC-Toronto female personality on any program who can hold a candle to Nina Dova for charm and talent . . .

Hamilton JILL LORING

OUR FAMILY was seriously considering the purchase of a TV set until we saw "The Big Revue". We went to a neighbor's to watch the show, as we had been told that Willy Blok Hanson, a dancer whom we admire, would be on. She was indeed. But her beautiful number got almost lost in the shuffle—a perfect diamond in a generally tasteless setting. It was deplorable . . .

Toronto (MRS.) B. PLAIN

HUGH GARNER . . . has been dropping weekly hints that the real power behind the CBC is the CCF . . .

The CCF should register a number of immediate objections. First, if Socialism is to be blamed for everything from wheat rust to the decline of the tourist trade without ever coming into power, it should not be asked to assume the additional responsibility of sponsoring those programs on which maidens bare their souls in the manner of sailors displaying their tattoos.

Secondly, someone should defend the Liberal government at Ottawa from the charge of being disseminators of culture. That is one pretense that even they have never had the nerve to attempt. Those people have a great stake in public ignorance.

Finally, someone should object on behalf of the CBC. It is a poor thing, but our own . . .

Toronto WALT STEWART

Principles

I AM DELIGHTED with the strong principles evidenced in SATURDAY NIGHT (Feb. 27) in the article "A Matter Of Choice", which upholds the principle of individual liberty. SATURDAY NIGHT sensibly points out that fluoridation of drinking water should not be placidly accepted by people "simply because it's supposed to be good for them". It occurs to me that, in upholding this principle, we ought also to be wary of those who test and filter our water—simply because it's supposed to be good for us. I hope SATURDAY NIGHT is never moved to water down its principles.

Prince Rupert, BC. NOEL STONE

. . . IT IS interesting to speculate whether the "Divine Comedy" would have been written if Dante had gone to school with Beatrice, or whether the wonderful flowering of Italian Art which reached its apex in paintings of the Madonna, could occur in a country under a co-educational system.

Edmonton (MRS.) E. L. FITZSIMON

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Films

The Comedy of Gadgets

By Mary Lowrey Ross

GENERALLY SPEAKING, the most ingenious comedy to come out of Hollywood is based on the intransigence of gadgets. The ingenuity lies in the gadgets, the comedy in their application, or misapplication to ordinary needs. It is an almost sure-fire formula, as lively when it involves Red Skelton in a warehouse of war-surplus inventions as it used to be when it tangled Charlie Chaplin in a revolving door.

A trailer, which is a whole omnibus-load of gadgets, is a godsend to any comedy script-writer. The one in *The Long, Long Trailer* contains every possible mechanical accessory for digest living, and almost every gadget is capable of providing a gag. Few of them are neglected. While stationary, to be sure, the long, long trailer seems to offer a sound mechanical solution for the problems of its owners. In motion, however, it changes its nature and, like most super-gadgets in the hands of incompetents, takes on the special logic of lunacy. Operating according to its own immutable rules, it is always impassively right. The distracted owners, operating on their nerves, are always wildly wrong. The result is a wonderfully funny domestic farce.

The pair (Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz) set out for their honeymoon dragging behind them their new trailer, which turns out to be almost as difficult to operate in traffic as a derailed Superchief. It lurches after them like a careening doom, and in the hands of the helpless Arnaz makes a shambles of the neat suburban home of the bride's outraged aunt. It settles in a mud-hole and all its neat appliances become the equipment of a frantic house of fun. When the bride attempts to prepare a meal, the trailer, over a rough stretch of road, becomes as active as a giant mixmaster, with Miss Ball as one of the ingredients. The climax comes when the desperate driver attempts to take car and trailer around the hairpin turns of a steep mountain pass. It is worth waiting for, if you can stand the strain.

M-G-M

DESI ARNAZ and Lucille Ball: old hands at domestic comedy.

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz are, of course, old hands at this type of wild-eyed domestic comedy. They make the most of it here. So does Director Vincente Minnelli, an expert at blending the plausible and the outrageous in equal parts. So do Keenan Wynn and Marjorie Main, who contribute bit parts in the highest possible spirits. All hands seem to have joined in turning Lucille Ball's screen comeback into the kind of triumph Hollywood is bound to respect. Apparently everyone loves Lucy.

There was considerable indignation recently over some of the revelations in *Farewell Oak Street*, a National Film Board documentary; and a good deal of the criticism centred about the use of the derogatory word slum. Well, if shored up roofs, scarred and bulging walls, bugs, dirt, water shortage and human superfluity can make a slum, then Oak Street as depicted here was a slum in every sense of that ugly four-lettered word. It won't diminish, by a single cockroach, the discomfort the film evokes to refer to it euphemistically as a blighted or depressed area.

The roles of the people involved in *Farewell Oak Street* are played by professional actors. This helps to preserve the anonymity of the former residents and to quiet those who feel that the film itself is a violation of human dignity and privacy. It is quite possible, however, that the original Oak Street residents might not have felt that way. If there was dignity violated, it was the dignity of a human society that permits Oak Streets to exist; it was not the dignity of the people who sturdily faced the camera and told their hapless story.

Farewell Oak Street tells the story of one family's transition from slum-living to a bright new flat in a government-sponsored development. There is a commentary, but it is never over-emphatic or over-dramatic. The camera itself is the commentator as it quietly pries, uncovers, and reveals, moving up and down the warped staircase, investigating the dingy bathroom used by half a dozen families, exposing in every corner the dismal room that serves the family as living-room, dining-room, bed-room and laundry. The film has a happy ending, but it is the early sequences that are likely to linger longest in your mind.

Le Plaisir brings together three short stories by de Maupassant. It's in French, and is supplied with English titles and a commentary delivered, presumably, by the author himself, speaking from beyond the grave. The opening and closing stories are episodic, but the central tale is a full-bodied little French comedy having to do with the visit of a prosperous Madame and her entire personnel to the home of the lady's peasant brother, whose daughter is to take her First Communion. It is a gay sentimental story, told with a sort of oblique and knowing innocence. Altogether it represents, as the commentator sagaciously points out, a point of view about the French that everybody except a Frenchman accepts. The cast of *Le Plaisir* includes Jean Gabin, Madeleine Renaud, Danielle Darrieux and Simone Simon.

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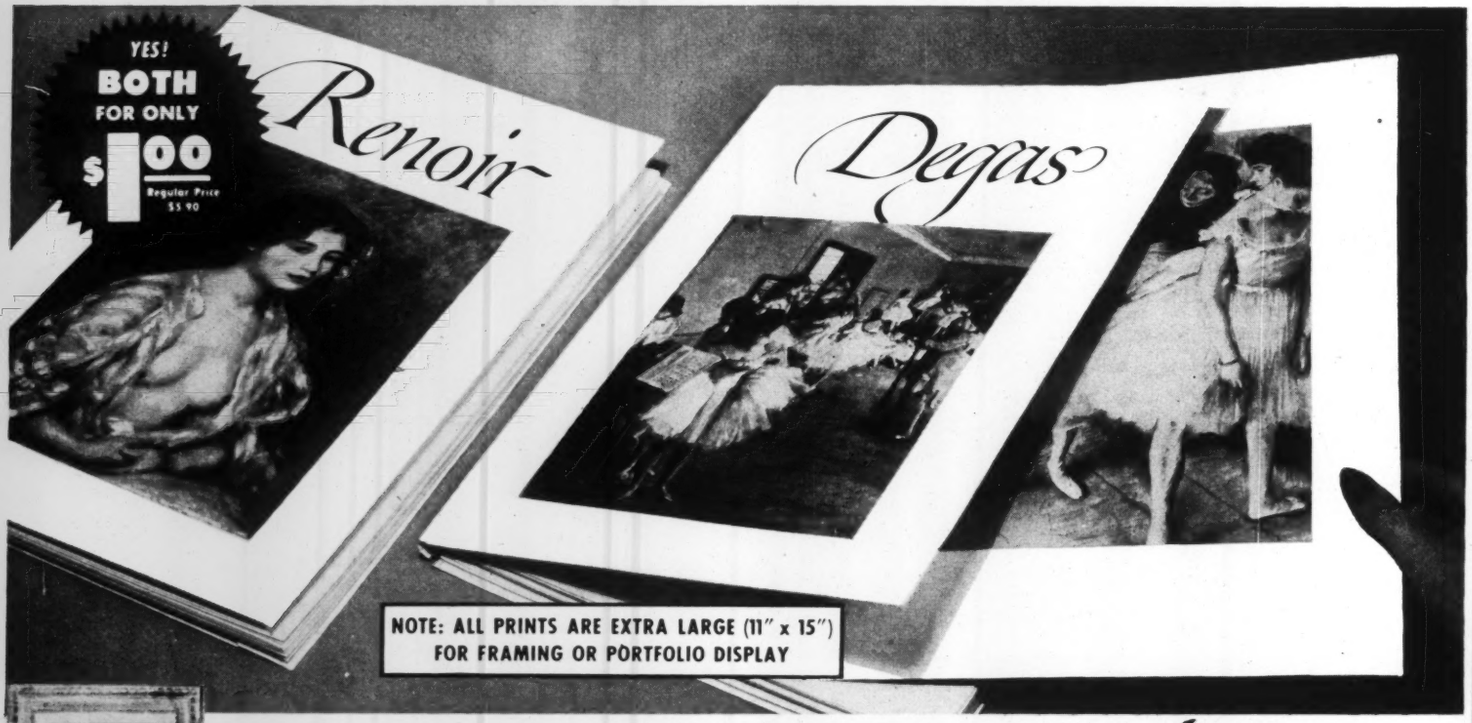

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